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For the New-Yorker.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

The old Dutch colonists of Java, in order to enhance the value of this beautiful bird and keep alive the interest which its novelty could not fail to excite on its first introduction among their countrymen, cut off its legs before offering it for sale, richly stuffed with spices, and declared that it was never known to alight upon earth, and that it lived solely on the perfumed dews of flowers. *Vide* "*Bigland's Letters on Natural History.*"

I.

Brad of the tireless wing,
Rich in the hues of Spring,
Flutt'ring for ever:
Where is thy resting-place,
Peri of loveliness!
By wood or river?

II.

From the pure realms of blue,
Lovely thou meet'st our view,
Like the Sky-Bow,
Seen a bright moment, then
Lost to the eye again,
Reveller art thou!

III.

Deep in the spicy bowers,
From the fresh opening flowers
Dew dost thou sip?
Or in the silver streams,
Where the blue lotus gleams,
Light dost thou dip?

IV.

Ne'er the green palmy stem
Dost thou with glory gem,
Mystical bird!
Yet the leaves drop their dew,
When the fair form they view,
As though winds stirr'd.

V.

Ne'er have thy wings of mirth
Closed on this treach'rous earth
By day or night,
Nor on the bloomy tree,
Loved of the golden bee,
Wilt thou alight.

VI.

Still dost thou flutter o'er,
Green isle and river shore,
Grove and still lake;
Long ere Aurora's smile
Kindle each spicy isle,
Thou art awake!

Paris, Jan. 1, 1837.

VII.

Hast thou a place of rest
In the pearl-cloudlet's breast,
Circled with gold?
Or when Night clouds our strand,
In the far Spirit-Land
Do thy wings fold?

VIII.

For, like sky-pinioned Hope,
Ne'er do thy glad wings droop
O'er things of Earth;
But for a moment ere
Seek'st thou the skyey sphere
Of thy fair birth.

IX.

Art thou some happy soul,
O'er Death's obscuring goal
Fondly return'd,
Daily to view the spot
Where e thou art ne'er forgot,
Where thou'rt still mourned?

X.

Emblem of all things free,
How my soul loveth thee!
So may it flit
'Round each dear spot it loved,
When Death his might hath proved,
Should Fate permit!

XI.

If Sages' dream be true,
That the soul travels through
Many a form
From its creation-hour
Through beast, gay bird, and flower,
Reptile and worm—

XII.

Blest is the soul whose stay
Bids thy light pinions play—
Vain is such thought!
Yet for an hour would I
Change my high destiny
For thy glad lot!

FALCONER.

For the New-Yorker.

GLEANINGS OF TRAVEL.—No. VI.

Birmingham—Coach companions—Knickerbocker—Adventure of a bonnet—Warwick—Ancient days of England—William the Conqueror—Ancient gateways—Leicester Hospital—Church of St. Mary—The choir—Beauchamp Chapel—Priory of St. Sepulchre.

We were up with the lark, and had perambulated the most interesting parts of Birmingham before the stir of morning business, and before its thousand belching furnaces had poured forth their volumes of blackened vapor to enwrap and obscure the architectural beauty of the town. Our engagements elsewhere allowed us only time to snatch an exterior view of the masonry of Birmingham. This sufficed to exhibit churches, public edifices, and ranges of private tenements, many of them elegant, most of them beautiful, and displaying a taste extremely creditable to the wealthy community that has reared them.

The outside of the coach had been already engrossed before we applied for seats, which left us the sole alternative of taking to the inside, in which respect we were specially favored, as one of those suddenly created showers I have alluded to, shortly after distributed its favors very energetically upon the gentlemen recipients mounted above. The thoughts of yesterday made us shudder, as we could fancy the cold drops trickling down our necks; but our *compagnons du voyage* diverted the course of our reflections. The one was a vinegar-visaged lady of middle age, who had been on a purchasing expedition to Birmingham, of which the principal article and particular object of her anxiety was a new bonnet, half covered by a white kerchief, and sustained upon her dexter almost at arms' length from her body, lest jolt or jar should mar its fair proportions. A Scotch officer was seated opposite to our lady—a gentleman, I presume, in his own estimation, as he took care to preserve a haughty demeanor and respectful distance toward his fellow-passengers, which some wiseacres of the world have established as a standard of high and gentle blood. What a slander upon the legitimacy of the word 'gentle!' The allowed quartette of the interior was completed by A—— and self *vis-à-vis*.

The Scotchman, who was on my left, was for a long time absorbed in the perusal of a book—so much so that he seemed to have forgotten the existence of aught else than himself and volume, as he occasionally allowed a single word or two to escape his lips—'charming!' 'excellent!' 'very clever!' The book was finally deposed upon the seat. Curiosity prompted me to glance at the title of a work that had thus moved this otherwise immovable statue. It was Knickerbocker's 'History of New-York,' by Irving. Gratified with the complimentary words paid my illustrious countryman, and infected with the inquisitive license so universal in travelling vehicles on our side of the Atlantic, I could not resist the temptation of speaking:

"Judging from your exclamations, sir, you appear to have been pleased with Mr. Irving's humorous picture of New-York!"

"Sir!" responded this son of Mars, astonished at my presumption in breaking upon an abstract reverie, as he passed a fearful glance over his bristling mustachios.

Resolving to be undaunted, I renewed the inquiry in a style quite courteous, indeed quite seductive, as I delusively supposed.

"I do not dislike Mr. Irving's work, *Sir!*" replied the angered Mars. There was an elongation of, and emphasis upon that monosyllable 'Sir,' as he disdainfully sought for relief through the coach window, that provoked a current of boiling blood to my cheeks—and sent A—— headlong to sleep.

"You mentioned New-York," squeaked madam of the bonnet, "which I believe is situated somewhere in the Amerikies. Do those horrible Indians continue to commit many murders there, and scalp their helpless victims?"

"Pshaw!"—This was a smothered sound that petulantly emerged from the corner occupied by the officer.

Madam bridled her indignant feelings with no trifling trouble at this uncourteous interruption, but the quick-wrought tempest gradually subsided, and the New World became quite a theme of subsequent conversation. I was a little surprised to find it requisite to acquaint Madam that New-York was not really Florida, or at least that Florida was not within stone's throw of New-York, and that our mammoth city was not in danger of being devoured soul and body by the Indians. It occurred to me, that if the famous 'schoolmaster' has been 'abroad,' as is reported of him, he has given this good lady some singular lessons respecting American topography. The surprise was reciprocated with interest, and I think I am not mistaken in saying that her look was rather suspicious, when I gravely quoted, from the veritable history of Knickerbocker, the wondrous event of a sunbeam which, falling upon the richly carbuncled nose of the celebrated trumpeter Anthony Van Corlaer of New-Amsterdam, as he was sailing in his galley, was reflected in the waters beneath, causing instant death to a gambolling sturgeon—a circumstance that ever after gave name to a promontory opposite, well known on the Hudson River as Anthony's Nose. Madam considered the affair an astonishing phenomenon, if it could be true—equal to any thing in the bloody Richard's reign, for which she had no small share of horrid reverence. My conscience would not allow me to wear the quizzing guise for any length of time; and soon after I attempted to explain the intention of Irving's delectable morceau of the Dutch history of New-York.

The officer, long ere this, had exchanged his chapeau for a sleeping-cap, and enlivened our conversation with symphonies of nasal music, to which he kept time by nodding his head until it obtained a dangerous propinquity to the bonnet, which the lady through fear now shifted from the dexter to the sinister hand, not anticipating that it would prove a 'sinister manual.' The head nodded nearer and nearer—the eopardy of the bonnet increased. The lady looked daggers—the unforgotten 'Pshaw' still rankled and affected her equanimity of temper. A treble '*Sir!*' was too sharp for the Scotchman's bass, and suddenly recalled him to an appropriate aristocratical bearing, much offended at his proximity to the plebeian dame. The rain increasing, I fell into a delicious reverie—the intermediate state between sleeping and waking—and was in the midst of a beloved coterie across the blue waters, when "You've ruined my dear hat!" preceded by a shriek from Madam—a gruff "Beg your pardon, Madam," from the officer—and "What's all this fuss about?" from the aroused A——, convinced me that the coterie of my dreamery was extremely different from that of whose confusion I was a witness. The officer had repeated his nods with too much earnestness indeed, and had plumped his head against the bonnet, demolishing the blushing features of a rose or two, that had been peeping from one of the corners of the kerchief, literally sustaining, in Madam's estimation, the representation of a 'thorn among the roses.'—This hat had been the object of Madam's earnest solicitude: it was the last fashion—imported to London—exported to Birmingham—it was to have been the pride and envy of her quiet little town. It was too cruel, quite affecting, and she gave the officer an appealing look which in the days of Rome would have expressed "*Et tu Brute!*" but in these degenerate times might have been construed into "Oh, thou brute!" Madam understood the use of words, certainly of some kind of words—a fact the officer ascertained to his entire satisfaction. I have witnessed the terrors of a thunder storm, and have seen the gnarled oak shivered into splinters: I would rather encounter it again than the storm of female passion. Speech is then a Niagara-like gift, and reminds me forcibly of Roland in the play:

"I met three loud-talking women,
And their tongues went like —."

Reconciliation was out of the question, and as A—— slept harder than ever from absolute disgust of such trans-Atlantic proceedings—the officer of course not condescending to parley on such an ignoble subject—a solemn silence was maintained until we reached Warwick, unless I should include a few distant mutterings of 'base wretch,' 'no better than he should be,' as Madam sighed over the ruins of her Birmingham bonnet, like her great prototype Caius Marius over the ruins of Carthage. "*Carthago fuit—delete est,*" soliloquized I.

"Good morning, most affable sir," addressing the Scotch officer with all the politeness I knew how to summon, and without malice prepense, as I abandoned the coach.

"Good morning, *Sir!*" replied the Scotch officer, taken by surprise, his indignant eyes at the same moment flashing fire.

Without reluctance we exchanged the theatre of morning contentions for the more quiet accommodations of Godfrey's Castle Inn, and happily as the sun re-appeared, giving promise of an agreeable day. We gave a parting look at the coach as it rumbled off toward its place of destination—a parting thought to the two belligerents of the interior, whose affectionate relations for each other had reached the canine and feline degrees of the animal thermometer. Our inclinations directed us immediately to the celebrated Castle that overlooks the town, but owing to the decease of one of the domestics we were precluded from gratifying our curiosity until the ensuing day. Ample resources of enjoyment remained, within the purlieus of the town, to counterpoise this disappointment; many associate relics of hoary age were still existent beneath the Castle's frowning battlements, and the stern memorials of a once powerful prelacy were still contending with the waste of centuries.

Warwick is celebrated for its antiquity, which is so ex-

tremely reverend that the most astute examiners of the annals of past times are involved in a maze as to its credible origin. Some have taken flight on imagination's wings to the rude days of the primitive Britons—to the days of scythe-armed chariots—of the sacrificial orgies of human victims—of the rigorous penance of cruel, self-denying Druids—of the doctrine of metempsychosis, and of the worship of Pagan idols—and from all these heathenish reminiscences have not elicited the least evidence of Warwick's foundations.—Others, beset with a Roman frenzy, have dreamed of elliptical walls, glittering eagles, standards proudly blazoned with the famous S. P. Q. R., helmeted centurions, and invincible cohorts, and in dreams have established Warwick as a genuine *Præsidium*. Others have lingered over the Saxon heptarchy, and claimed its Murcian branch by the plausible proofs of better attested history. This latter recalls the memory to an interesting period; whether the retrospection presents the merging of Druidical rites into adoration of the clearly defined polytheism of the Saxons, or the subsequent triumph of Christianity that ultimately swept away the entire arcana of idolatry. Yes! the mighty Thor, that once sported with the elements, and, Jove-like, directed the thunderbolts of heaven, when his insular worshippers bowed the knee before the death-distributing tempest, scarcely lives in the single seventh of the hebdomad that bears his name, (Thor's-day, modernized into *Thursday*.) And the fabulous Odin, once renowned in the achievement of deeds of blood, who led the departed spirits of valiant warriors to the chase and tournament, and within Midgard's lofty halls rewarded the faithful by festive nights, godlike banquets, and Valkyrian virgins celestially attired in the unceasing bloom of immortal youth—this god of battles only exists in the fictitious page of romance, and his glory has faded before the irresistible precepts of the Cross. Still one shudders at the merciless tyranny and sanguinary vengeance that were sanctioned under the earlier banners consecrated to the services of Religion. The mind revolts at the relentless bigotry and dissembling treachery of vindictive monarchs, who surpassed the cruelties of paganism and scattered the fire-brand of discord throughout the world, although the avowed disciples of the Holy Church, whose meek and lowly founder expressly inculcated peace and harmony to all mankind. But let the veil hide irremediable enormities; and let the blood of thousands of steadfast martyrs expiate the rank offences of superstition and hypocrisy; for the gardens of Europe, that were once converted into fields of carnage in the conflicts of religious factions, are again enriched with the smiles of prosperity—are again flourishing in pristine verdure, and are now teeming with the rich fruits of a benignant moral and religious polity that has been modified by the mellowing impressions of ages and fortified by the sublime attributes of a just Omnipotence.

My dear —, you will hardly pardon this discursive episoding, with which you will deem me more sadly infected than ever. Assuredly, the envied cheerfulness of your 'ain dear fireside' cannot be enhanced, whether the paternity of Warwick is either Briton, Roman or Saxon—or your historical attainments honored by my presuming reveries. But, alas! the day of reformation is past with me; I must write, as ever, 'i' the vein,' and you must be irretrievably doomed to the penance of perusing another of Gerald's medleys.—However, like a mad reveller, who, collecting his scattered senses, is full of notable designs big with amendment, I will attempt to give you a sober narrative of 'records and things tangible.' This consideration shall be my future guide, and, as the enthusiastic fervor is in the ascendant, an internal monitor continually prompts me—*sans irreverence*—"*In hoc signo vinco!*" Of course, I am quite valorous in determination; and if my courage, like that of Bob Acres, does not 'ooze out by my finger nails,' I will be as strenuously persistent in attaining my purpose as some worthy gentlemen mentioned by one Shakspeare, who was born in a small town near this, situated upon the river that flows by this town; and although I may be digressive as a meteor, I will not offer to emulate their noble exodition or object:

> "I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
> So full of valor that they smote the air
> For breathing in their faces—beat the ground
> For kissing of their feet—yet always bending
> Towards their project."

The Norman Conquest forms a memorable era for England, and concerns the vitality of Warwick. The fall of the brave Harold upon the battle-field that proved the death-bed of Saxon chivalry extinguished the Saxon supremacy for ever. Upon its mournful ruins arose the brilliant empire of William the Conqueror; but the vanquished nobles of Saxon and Danish England were not unmindful of former freedom, and impetuously pushed forward to the final struggle that involved them in hopeless servitude. William, by the conqueror's assumed right, and by the privileges of feudal tenure, apportioned the estates of a proud and rich noblesse, of six centuries' growth, among the veteran knights that followed and sustained him in his victorious career. The government of Warwick, in this general allotment, was indirectly transferred from the Earls of Mercia, and bestowed upon one of the Conqueror's minions, Henry de Newburgh, who was created the first Norman Earl of Warwick. This is the authentic date of its commencing reputation. The succession of a most illustrious nobility, that occupied the Castle and extended its protection to the adjacent town, conferred upon it additional prosperity and name. Although dynasties changed in subsequent times, these changes were always propitious to Warwick, which remains as a monument—the witness of royal visits, princely fetes, and knightly tournaments. In the troublous days when the barons of England rebelled against the sovereign authority of Henry III. and were defeated by the timely succor of the Prince of Wales, this town was fixed upon as a place of rendezvous for the royal forces previous to the siege of Kenilworth, to which the barons had retired and subsequently defended with inflexible courage. In Warwick, during the reign of the gallant Edward I. the pennants of foreign banuerets were harmoniously waving with the rich drapeau of English chivalry, and a hundred proud knights were emulous in deeds of courtesy, as each advanced the claims of his prowess before some fair and courtly dame that each named as his lady-love, at the vaunted festival of a 'Round Table.' Daring feats of skill, gorgeous feasts, the charms of minstrelsy, and the fascination of grace and beauty, contributed their varied aid to celebrate one of the most brilliant ceremonies of ancient annals. Queen Elizabeth visited Warwick on her triumphal route to Kenilworth, and was received with all the display and forms of cordial greeting her loyal subjects could devise. It was at this famous reception of England's virgin Queen that the 'little Recorder' is historically reported to have figured in a long oration, greatly to the edification of Her Majesty, who laughingly responded to the bustling Lilliput—"Come hither, little Recorder: it was tolde me that you wolde be afraid to look upon me, or to speake boldly; but you were not so fraid of me as I was of you, and I now thanke you for putting me in mynde of my duety."

A place thus associated with some of the most interesting periods of English history was extremely attractive to individuals unused to tread such eventful soil; and, like misers who have suddenly fallen upon a valuable treasure, we were zealous in securing the most trifling jewels that were scattered within its measured circuit. As no energetic advances have occurred since the reign of the eighth Henry, the effort was not alarming, if Leland wrote accurately at that time in his 'Itinerary:' "The towne of Warwick has beene righte strongly ditched and walled, having the compasse of a goode mile within its walls." But Time, in his ceaseless, merciless flight, has not spared; the mural lines of feudal defence have crumbled away, leaving only two monuments of their previous existence—two venerable gateways of massive masonry, singularly surmounted by turreted edifices which were originally occupied as chapels. At present, the Eastern—*ci-devant* chapel of St. Peter—being converted into an institution for the gratuitous instruction of the poor, the Western—chapel of St. James—is alone appropriated to religious exercises. Adjoining this last named chapel, and connected with it, we found an antique quadrangular structure, one of the most exclusive charities of the world—*Earl of Leicester's Hospital*. This celebrated favorite of Elizabeth established this hospital for thirteen old men, including a master, who was required to be a professor of divinity,—and endowed it with landed property that subsequently increased so greatly in value that the beneficiaries, among whom the entire revenue was to be distributed, were enabled to play their parts more like independent gentlemen than the recipients of alms, with the exception of the master, who was strangely restricted to a comparative pittance. Parliament, however, interfered a few years since, and alterations have been effected by which the number of almsmen has been doubled, and, in compliance with the behest of the noble Earl, all have been allowed the comforts of life without the means of indulging in its extravagant luxuries. The almsmen are neatly attired in woollen cloaks ornamented by a conspicuous badge, that once distinguished the retainers of the haughtiest nobleman in England far and wide—the arms of Robert Dudley—"the bear and ragged staff." The Hospital includes a vast hall, famous for its age, and in being honored by the royal presence of James I.

In the course of our meanderings, we reached two large and contiguous public edifices—the County Jail and County Hall. The former, with its sombre Doric face, presaged narrow dwelling-places, the divertisements of the tread-mill, and other rewards of crime—exalted stations that neither of us aspires to, as 'a consummation devoutly to be wished for.' The other presented a graceful Corinthian front; but no temptation allured us to the clamorous field of wrangling litigants, or exposed us to the danger of suffocation amid musty parchments and dust-enveloped records. The compartments of the one are intended for two hundred criminals—the saloons of the other, on festal days, for ten score or more of dancers. Here, side and side, were the anomalous exhibitions of our existence—the sounds of blithesome revelry, and the groans of conscience-stricken offenders.—*Allons!* The unsymmetrical features of the Present were too harsh to please. Our fancy chimed not with their impressions and directed us onward, even by these Grecian models, to more attractive architecture.

A superb Gothic tower stood before us in noble grandeur, and we passed beneath its groined arches into the *Church of St. Mary*. This ancient structure obtained its foundation as a collegiate church during the government of the first Norman Earl; but subsequently coming under the sweeping edict of Henry VIII. was dissolved in common with all the monastic institutions of that sovereign's rule. Beside contributing to the avaricious passions of the royal author of the 'Bloody Statute,' it unfortunately sustained the ravages of fire, which allowed opportunities to various rebuilding artists to introduce their own incongruous designs, that materially mar the general effect. But an attached chapel, which remained unharmed, is a pure and beautiful specimen of the florid Gothic, and will not less amply repay the gaze of the tourist who associates with it the remembrances of the olden time. We wandered through the vast interior of the Church, finding much to admire in both nave and transept, yet still more in the department of the choir, which terminates the nave.

In the middle of this finely proportioned room we found an altar tomb sustaining the marble statues of 'Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and his lady, Caroline,' to the former of whom the Church was indebted for much of its splendor. The impression of the scene was indescribable. Here were relics of the fourteenth century—the perfect resemblance of warrior knight and courtly dame. The one was clad in full armor, with sword, helm and mail—the other, with reticulated head-dress of delicate tracery, was richly mantled in the attire of ancient days. These were the images of another age—the representatives of feelings, sentiments and passions that still continue their unbroken career to present existence, and still embarrass life with countless perplexities, although four entire centennials have elapsed since the Castle halls have echoed their voices, and since holy rites have consecrated their funereal dirges.

We proceeded to the interior of *Beauchamp Chapel*, which escaped the fire, and its exquisite architecture made new demands upon our store of admiration. We stood upon a tesselated pavement of black and white, beneath a noble ceiling, gracefully arcuated, richly carved in stone and emblazoned with feudal ornament—the blending of ancient Warwick and Beauchamp arms. We gazed upon colossal windows of painted glass. In one of these, the eastern, appeared the figure of our Saviour crowned with thorns; the noble founder of the chapel was kneeling before him in an attitude of fervent devotion, attired in a full heraldic suit of the Warwick earldom; and both were surmounted by allegori-

cal figures of religious meaning, illustrative of the intimate communion that once existed between the mitre and helmet, the crosier and the sword. A grey marble altar tomb lay before us in sumptuous decoration. A recumbent statue of a noble warrior, encased in the showy plate armour of the fifteenth century, was placed upon the tomb, his head encircled by a coronet and resting upon a golden head-piece, the muzzled bear silently reposing beside his feet. A fantastic hearse of gilded hoops protected the also gilded statue of the Earl, which it surrounded. Canopied niches had been hewn from the solid marble, each containing an image of titled relatives of the deceased, glistening in gold and in the magnificent vestments of that age. Religious and heradric embellishments were tastefully distributed throughout, perfecting the harmony of the design. The whole offered a singular and dazzling monument—a monument erected to the last and most powerful male representative of the Beauchamp dynasty of Warwick—the counsellor, the associate and the protector of three respective monarchs of England—Richard, Earl of Warwick.

We were attracted to another altar for the dead, upon which superfluous ornaments had been lavished to an excess that rendered it more glaring than chaste. But the decorations weighed not for a moment with the interest that invested the cold stone as my eyes rested upon the lifeless statue of the once haughty and renowned Leicester, placed side and side with that of his last Countess. For a long time I studied the features of a man reputed to have been one of the most brilliant and fascinating courtiers of the Elizabethean reign. If they are chiselled truly, how much indeed has the standard of beauty or elevated intellect changed with the fluctuations of time! The monument of Leicester's son and that of his brother Ambrose, 'the good Earl of Warwick,' completed the memorials of the dead.

Quitting these splendid mausoleums, we entered the iron gateway of the *Priory of St. Sepulchre*. We found pleasant and varied walks amid lofty and venerable trees, but the monastic pile exists no longer. Its turrets and cloisters, that were erected and fostered by the proud line of Norman Newburgh, under the sway of haughty ecclesiastic and cowled monk, were secularized by Henry VIII.; and the transforming spirit of more recent times has usurped their place with a spacious mansion of modern date. The chiming vespers have given way to the buzzing sounds of gay companions indulging in their evening promenades, and rigid matinals are only echoed by the joyous carols of plumaged songsters.

Warwick, 1836. GERALD.

LEGAL PLEASANTRIES.—They originate more than half the current wit of the day, in the Great West. There is a racy freshness, moreover, about the pleasantries of that region, that is quite delightful. From a late Missouri journal we have clipped the following anecdote of an eminent legal gentlemen of that State. If it be as new to the reader as it is to us, we will guarantee his favorable suffrages: being once opposed to Mr. S——, late Member of Congress, he remarked as follows to the jury, upon a point of disagreement between them: 'Here my brother S—— and I differ. Now this is very natural.—Men seldom see things in the same light; and they may disagree in opinion upon the simplest principle of the law, and that very honestly; while, at the same time, neither can see any earthly reason why they should. And this is merely because they look at different sides of the subject, and do not view it in all its bearings. Suppose, for illustration, a man should come in here, and boldly assert that my brother S——'s head (here he laid his hand very familiarly upon the large chuckle-head of his opponent) is a *squash!* I, on the other hand, should maintain, and perhaps with equal confidence, that it is a head.—Now, here would be a difference—undoubtedly an honest difference—of opinion. We might argue about it till doomsday, and never agree. You often see men arguing upon subjects as empty and trifling as this! But a third person coming in, and looking at the neck and shoulders that support it, would say at once, that I had reason on my side; for if it was not a head, it at least occupied the place of one, and stood where a head ought to be.' All this was uttered in the gravest and most solemn manner immaginable, and the effect was irresistibly ludicrous.

Knickerbocker.

"WHAT IS HERESY?"—ANSWERED.—The committee of the Allschwye, Basle Campagne, Switzerland, demanded lately of the council of public instruction, the dismissal of a schoolmaster, on account of his heresy.—Imagine in what it consisted. The poor fellow asserted that the devil did not stir up the souls of the departed with a pitchfork!

For the New-Yorker.

THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS.

"They lived unknown
Till Persecution dragged them into fame,
And chased them up to Heaven." *Cowper.*

ALL hail Caledonia! and hail to thy towers,
Thy landscapes so lovely, and wild-shaded bowers,
To thy mountains that once in sweet melody rung,
And re-echoed the songs which our forefathers sung.

At Pentland and Bothwell, the blood of the slain
Gushed forth in red torrents and dew'd the green plain;
At Aird's Moss the faithful assembled together,
And sung their last song 'mid the wild blooming heather.

O Fancy! go back to the age long ago,
When Bigotry revelled in carnage and wo,
And visit the heath where the remnant were scattered,
And their pale, wasted forms reposed bloody and shattered.

Though stern Persecution stood circled in gloom,
Pointing out with its sword the dark path to the tomb,
They, true to their Master, in faith yet unshaken,
The desolate waste Zion's harp did awaken.

Hark! a trumpet sounds loudly—the foe is advancing;
The horsemen look fierce and the war-steeds are prancing;
In the breeze blowing softly their banners are streaming,
And bright in the sun-beams their helmets are gleaming.

Frowns shadow their brow as they shout and they yell,
Like demons let loose from the fetters of Hell,
And, with lances still reeking with blood they have spilt,
Heaven-daring and reckless, plunge deeper in guilt.

The war-tempest rages—the lightnings are flashing—
Through the smoke-shrouded ranks the mad coursers are dashing;
The brands of destruction are fearfully flying,
And deep are the groans of the wounded and dying.

Brave Cameron's band to their Covenant true,
Whom gold could not tempt nor Oppression subdue,
Round their standard all tattered still spurning to yield,
With their leader unbending expire on the field.

Humanity shuddered at horrors so strange,
And deep were the breathings of burning Revenge;
Bold Courage still lingered, mild Mercy had fled,
And Freedom wept mournfully over the dead.

O Scotland! though dark be the page of thy story,
Names stainless cast o'er thee a halo of glory,
Aye, names that posterity proudly shall cherish,
And shrine in affection that never may perish.

By the laws of their God they as freemen were born,
So the laws of a tyrant they nobly did scorn;
And vowed on thy altars, with sword raised on high,
That they freemen would live or as freemen would die.

Thy daisy-deck'd vallies and heath-covered hills,
Thy sweet flowing streams and thy wild-gushing rills,
Still tell how thy verdure and waters were stained
With our forefathers' blood ere thy freedom was gained.

The merciless bigot in fury and wrath,
May spread desolation and crimson his path;
For a season the murmurs of Freedom be hushed,
But its spirit by mortals can never be crush'd.

It lives and will live! nor can it be driven
By despots away to its birth-place in Heaven:
It lives and will live! 'till Time's knell shall be rung,
And the funeral dirge of Oppression be sung.

JAMES LINEN.

For the New-Yorker.

A TRUE STORY.

Years before the revolutionary war, there lived, in one of the interior counties of England, a couple of devoted lovers. In accordance with the universal experience of this fated class, trouble had laid her heavy hand on all their fond projects. Misfortune had shorn the swain of his property, and parental authority had forbid the match. Madly attached to each other, their spirits could not sympathise with the worldly policy which forbid their union. They beheld, through love's flattering lens, boundless resources in each other; and in the felicitous picturings of their imaginations, dull care and pining want found no place.

Stolen interviews quickened the ardor of their attachment, and aggravated their apprehensions of a final separation. It was at a time when the whole country teemed with praises of the new world; when every adventurer was eager to embark his all, and attempt to resuscitate his drooping fortunes by emigrating to the colonies; when the descriptions of Paradise had been rivalled by the glowing details of the unsurpassed fertility, the salubrity, the serenity, and the unearthly beauty of the home of the Puritans.

Is it wonderful, that in the romantic dreams of this fond and afflicted couple, this refuge of the persecuted should have figured largely? Viewing the world around them, composed of ambitious friends and jealous relatives, most inimical to their schemes of happiness, is it strange that they should think it a slight sacrifice to forego these connections, for the gratification of each other's society? This would afford consolation under the severest fortune. It had charms which could banish the gloom of the wilderness—possessed an influence that could silence the howling of the tempest.

Plans were laid to cross the watery deep—to unite their fates, and find a home in the new land, where no obstacle could obstruct the consummation of their wishes. To succeed in this, it was necessary that their departures should be at different times, and their passages made in separate vessels. The young man boldly promulgated to his neighbors the secret of his disappointment, and the disgust which it had given him for the home of his childhood—the scene of his hopeless attachment; that, divested by this stroke of all the ties that bound him to his native land, he had determined to push his fortune in the new world, and to strive to discover in it that happiness which he never more could know in the old.

To the maiden, the announcement of his intentions, by officious gossips, carries apparently the greatest affliction. She mourns as one who cannot be comforted. Shut up in her apartment, she denies herself to all her friends, and refuses to partake of the food necessary to sustain life. This show of grief had the effect to soften, somewhat, the ire of the stubborn father—so much so, at least, that he consents to a last interview between them on the day previous to the departure of the adventurer, but in his presence. The untimely death of her lover could not provoke more violent indications of sorrow and despair, than were exhibited in this final meeting. Amid sobbing and tears, the ominous farewell is again and again repeated, till the indignant parent can only restrain his impatience by the reflection, that when at last it shall be pronounced, and the parting kiss exchanged, it will be final.

The lover, having suitably arranged his plans, shortly after set sail for America. The intelligence of his departure was the signal for the relaxation of the watchful vigilance which had been exercised toward his love. She was permitted to stroll through her favorite walks without restraint—to muse her hours in her romantic retreats. But her reflections were not always confined to joys that were past; brighter visions filled her soul, but for the realization of which much care and much suffering must be endured. While she manifested to her relations unceasing grief at the sad blow they had given to her prospects, secretly her mind was busy in plotting schemes to escape from them. With ceaseless diligence she labored to collect the necessary materials for her adventurous flight. At length, all her preparations being made, the time arrived to put her plan into execution. Under pretence of visiting an aged aunt, whose residence was still further in the interior, she bid adieu to the scenes of childhood, and set out for the sea-coast. Fortune favored her enterprise. She reached the port from which she calculated to start, just as a small vessel bound for Boston was preparing to sail. She was fortunate enough to win, by her artless and interesting appearance, the good will of the Captain; and assuring him of her eager desire to try her fortune in the new world, he granted her request, and placed her in a pleasant and but slightly laborious situation on board his vessel.

Prosperous gales soon bore the little bark to its destination; the anchor was dropped, the boat was launched, and in a few moments she found herself in a land of strangers, unknowing and unknown. Distracted by the bustle of business and the gaze of new faces, she but just retained sufficient recollection of herself to secure what few goods she had brought with her, and to accompany them to the place where her anxious lover had told her he should await her arrival. Words cannot express her

painful surprise, when she learnt that no such one was, or had ever been there.

It so happened, by a very common occurrence on the seas at that period of navigation, that the vessel which contained her intended husband was driven, by a storm, from its direct course; and while regaining its lost position with all due diligence, fortunately encountered some unknown reefs, and was so much injured as to be compelled to sail to the nearest port, for the purpose of refitting. The delay occasioned by these accidents was the cause of the unexpected and astounding intelligence which met our heroine at a time when she fondly anticipated her struggles were over, and that she would soon be united for ever to him for whom she had undergone so much. For a time she was completely overcome by the new difficulties which encompassed her. But soon recollecting that the low state of her means would permit little delay in procuring a situation for her support, she cast about in her mind as to the practicability of obtaining a resting-place for the short period which must necessarily elapse ere the arrival of her lover. She soon recollected, that in the halcyon days of her love, ere the possibility of her present situation had been contemplated, frequent mention had been made, in her hearing, of some very remote connections, in extremely low fortunes, who had emigrated, nearly fifty years since, to New England, and whom, report said, a new fortune had befallen in the new world. Scores of acres were reported to smile with their harvests, and a long line of prosperous descendants to share their felicity. Although later news had brought intelligence of the death of the emigrants themselves, there was no question that their children still remained in their places; and to these humble branches of her family she determined to apply for support, till her present suspense should be terminated by intelligence of the fate of her lover. Anxious in mind and fatigued in body, she passed, by slow journeys, to the reputed abode of her relatives. She found them; but how like those nearer connections whose persecutions had driven her from her once happy home!—how unlike what her expectation had fancied them! They received her coldly; they looked upon her as the representative of a proud group of haughty connections, who had once despised and trodden down their parents. They sneered at the romantic tale of her unfortunate love, and its miserable disappointment. She was told to seek elsewhere for hearts to sympathise with her fine and lady-like distresses; they knew of no place in their household for those who had been accustomed to eat the bread of idleness.

Repulsed by these declarations, she was set once more adrift on the world. Her courage rose with the difficulties she was forced to encounter. Influenced by a vague rumor which had reached her, that the wished-for vessel which contained all her earthly hopes had arrived in the distant port of New York—fearful that her lover would seek the appointed place of meeting, and not finding her there, would be ignorant of her fate, and uncertain what course to pursue for her discovery, she determined to retrace her steps, to regain the appointed place, and, by some means or other, to support herself till he should seek her. Too proud to ask the reluctant help of her relatives, she started, in the middle of a severe winter, on foot and alone, for the town of Boston. Almost famished, and entirely exhausted, she attained her object, and found—not her husband, but certain intelligence that report had not deceived her. He had reached New York, and immediately despatched a letter, addressed to her at the appointed place of meeting. It had arrived but a few days after she had started on her journey to the interior. But a fearful qualification was annexed to this otherwise cheering intelligence. A strange hand, on the self-same sheet, stated that her lover, quite sick at the time he landed from the vessel, had been taken worse, and was then in a most critical state of disease, raving with delirium, and calling incessantly, in his paroxysms, for her presence, to soothe his pains and receive his dying breath. Although nearly a month had elapsed since the arrival of the letter, and no further news had been received, could she wait to hear the result of so alarming a crisis? He might even then be enduring the [illegible] agony, and be calling, in tones of despair, for her ministering hand to perform the last offices of love and kindness. Her tale won the charities of a few neighboring inhabitants. The means for making the journey to the distant city were quickly furnished her, and for the third time she [illegible] pursuit of her lover, but with more alarming apprehensions—more corroding care than at either time previous.

In those days, a week scarcely sufficed to overcome the miles which are now, by means of modern improvements, vanquished in a day. At the close of a day in which, from the unexampled severity of the weather, she had suffered all but death, the slow vehicle which conveyed her emerged from the woods on the upper part of the island of Manhattan, and soon after drew up at the house in which, her letter informed her, the object of her search lay sick. Disappointment again met her, but it was alleviated by the news that he lived. His constitution had baffled the attacks of the disease, and no sooner had he gained sufficient strength to leave his bed, than his anxiety urged him to fly to meet her who had suffered so much for him, and who now, if she were arrived, must be suffering under the most painful apprehensions for his safety. He had consequently started for Boston on the very same day that she left it, and they had passed each other on the way, having stopped at the same house, mid-way, not more than three hours apart.

Her means, furnished her by the hand of charity, already exhausted, she could neither afford to go nor stay. She was, moreover, worn out by fatigue and the hardships she had suffered. But gathering that her betrothed, at the time of his departure, was hardly able to stand—fearing equally a relapse into his former sickness, or that, in his present invalid state, he would again start in pursuit of her on his arrival at Boston, she resolved to return immediately, even were she compelled to provide the means by that last resort—at which her high sensibilities had ever revolted—begging. But love—ardent, anxious love, conquers all scruples. She started on her return, and pursued it, through almost unparalelled difficulties, with the aid which her earnest solicitations were able to procure her along the route.

Upon the last day of the second month after her landing on the shores of New England, every hour of which had been spent in unceasing pursuit of her lover, she at length reached the spot where all that was mortal of him reposed in the stillness of death. The fatigue of a journey undertaken before sufficient strength had been acquired to resist its trials, together with anxiety and surprise at not finding his beloved, and hearing of her almost incredible exertions and sufferings, had brought on the feared result—a dangerous and fatal relapse. The last breath was drawn at the very moment his distracted love reached the door of the house where he lay.

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Years after, the children of the metropolis of the Bay State, and of the towns in its vicinage, used to wonder, as the form of an emaciated but once beautiful female glided by them, whilst busied in their sports. With feelings of pity and awe they gazed at her as she cast a hurried and searching glance upon them, and then passed on with ceaseless step, so rapidly that her long and now whitened locks streamed far behind her in the wind; and ever and anon asking those she met, with an intense earnestness, if they had seen her beloved pass that way;—moaning bitterly when she heard their wondering negative. This was all that there was of what once was a fair and devoted maiden, that crossed the wide sea to unite her fate with his whom she loved. The hand of charity gave her a Christian burial, and over her remains a romantic stranger has reared a humble slab, upon which he has inscribed the only name by which she was known—'*Mary;*' and under it this single sentence—'There's rest for thee in heaven.'

Y. P. S.

A Scape-Gallows.—At Perrysburgh, on the Savannah river, a soldier, named Ficklin, having made frequent attempts to desert, was tried and sentenced to be hanged. Gen. Lincoln ordered the execution. The rope broke; a second one was procured, which broke also. The case was then reported to the General for directions. "Let him run," said the General, "I thought he looked like a scape-gallows."

For the New-Yorker.

LIFE'S HOPES.

"Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil—a charm for every wo."

The ways of life are beautiful,
To him who feels the truth
Of high devotion, caught from hopes
That gild eternal Youth—
That precious and enduring boon,
Which Heaven can grant alone,
The soul's bright recompense on high,
When Life's dark cares have flown.

Like stars that shine when storms are loud,
Along our earthly path,
And dark Misfortune twines her shroud,
And Grief's quick lightnings scathe,
And when the bolt of Sorrow falls,
What joys can they illume,—
What kindling visions picture forth
That dwell beyond the tomb.

And oh! when Time had chilled the glee
That rang in Childhood's prime,
By sunset—or by moonlit tree,
In Pleasure's merry chime—
And when the faces that we loved
Have passed like stars away,
Oh! will not these enchanting hopes
Beam to the 'brighter day?'

And when the heart, with rayless care,
And gathering gloom o'erprest,
Longs that it were a thing of air,
That it might flee and rest—
Will not these high and glorious hopes
That may not fade or die,
Point to the better world that gleams
Beyond the distant sky?

And oh! how brightly o'er the soul
Will their sweet radiance pour,
Its sheen of splendor through the hues
That gild that happy shore,
With all their witching cadences,
And hues of joy divine,
That ne'er can die while Heaven endures,
Or while its glories shine.

And how will ring the choral hymns,
Their soft sweet richness sending,
Out by the fair ambrosial hills,
With the fountain's murmur blending,
And mingling with sweet praise to Him
Who died that we might gain
That better land, beyond the blight
Of mortal care and pain.

We may not know the melody
Of that bright land, on Earth,
Where Pleasure beameth but to die,
And Joy hath sickening mirth—
But lovely Hope with starry light
Can gild the gloomiest days,
And thus with holy radiance bright,
Make beautiful Life's ways.

Utica, 1837. GANYMEDE.

Hard Feed.—A fellow, in describing the eatables of a tavern at which he put up, gives the following upon a plate of ham: "Item, a plate of ham, which I most sincerely recommend to the next Texas volunteers for shoe-heels. Being very fond of ham, I went so far as to bend my fork and turn my knife in the handle in the handle in endeavoring to cut it. It was no use, however, for it seemed as if the indwelling obstinacy of the animal had returned to protect its mortal remains."

He should have served it as Jotham did Uncle Nehemiah's thanksgiving goose—drilled a hole in the article with the aid of a steam-engine, filled it with gun-powder, and touched it off.

A Family Likeness.—A private in the —— dragoons, when quartered in Hamilton, swaggering along the street one day, eloquent by the lubricating influence of barley-corn, and who thought his tongue as well furnished as the blade at his side, made up to an infirm old woman, who was picking her steps and wending towards home. Accosting her:

"Well, mother, how are you?"

"Weel enough, gin I kent who was speerin' for ma."

"Not know me?"

"Ne, really, I dinna ken ye, may be, gin ye had on ither claes, I would guess."

"Why, I am the devil's sister's son."

"Hoch, man, but you're far liker your uncle than your mither!"

From the London New Monthly for February.

THE BLIND MAN'S BRIDE.

BY HON. MRS. NORTON.

When first, Beloved, in vanished hours
The blind man sought thy love to gain,
They said thy cheek was bright as flowers
New freshen'd by the summer rain:
They said thy movements, swift yet soft,
Were such as make the winged dove
Seem, as it gently soars aloft,
The image of repose and love.

They told me, too, an eager crowd
Of wooers praised thy beauty rare,
But that thy heart was all too proud
A common love to meet or share.
Ah! thine was neither pride nor scorn,
But in thy coy and virgin breast
Dwelt preference not of Passion born,
The love that hath a holier rest!

Days came and went:—thy step I heard
Pause frequent, as it pass'd me by;—
Days came and went:—thy heart was stirred
And answer'd to my stifled sigh!
And thou didst make a humble choice,
Content to be the blind man's bride;
Who loved thee for thy gentle voice,
And owned no joy on earth beside.

And well by that sweet voice I knew
(Without the happiness of sight)
Thy years, as yet, were glad and few,
Thy smile, most innocently bright:
I knew how full of Love's own grace
The beauty of thy form must be;
And Fancy idolized the face
Whose loveliness I might not see!

Oh! happy were those days, Beloved!
I almost ceased for light to pine
When through the summer vales we roved,
Thy fond hand gently linked in mine.
Thy soft 'Good night' still sweetly cheered
The unbroken darkness of my doom;
And thy 'Good morrow, love,' endeared
The sunrise which returned in gloom!

At length, as years rolled swiftly on,
They spoke to me of Time's decay—
Of roses from thy smooth cheek gone,
And ebon ringlets turned to grey.
Ah! then I *blest* the sightless eyes
Which could not feel the deepening shade,
Nor watch beneath succeeding skies
Thy withering beauty faintly fade.

I saw no paleness on thy cheek,
No lines upon thy forehead smooth,—
But still the BLIND MAN heard thee *speak*,
In accents made to bless and soothe.
Still he could feel thy guiding hand
As through the woodlands wild we ranged,—
Still in the summer light could stand,
And know thy HEART and VOICE unchanged.

And still, beloved, till life grows cold
We'll wander 'neath a genial sky,
And only know that we are old
By counting happy years gone by:
For thou to *me* art still as fair
As when those happy years began,—
When first thou cam'st to soothe and share
The sorrows of a sightless man!

Old Time, who changes all below,
To wean men gently for the grave,
Hath brought us no increase of wo,
And leaves us all he ever gave:
For I am still a helpless thing,
Whose darkened world is cheered by thee—
And thou art she whose beauty's Spring
The blind man vainly yearned to see!

From the Knickerbocker for March.

A BELL'S BIOGRAPHY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'TWICE TOLD TALES,' &C.

Hearken to our neighbor with the iron tongue! While I sit musing over my sheet of foolscap, he emphatically tells the hour, in tones loud enough for all the town to hear, though doubtless intended only as a gentle hint to myself, that I may begin his biography before the evening shall be farther wasted. Unquestionably, a personage in such an elevated position, and making so great a noise in the world, has a fair claim to the services of a biographer. He is the representative and most illustrious member of that innumerable class, whose characteristic feature is the tongue, and whose sole business, to clamor for the public good. If any of his noisy brethren, in our tongue-governed democracy, be envious of the superiority which I have assigned him, they have my free consent to hang themselves as high as he. And for his history, let not the reader apprehend an empty repetition of ding-dong-bell. He has been the passive hero of wonderful vicissitudes, with which I have chanced to become acquainted, possibly from his own mouth; while the careless multitude supposed him to be talking merely of the time of day, or calling them to dinner or to church, or bidding drowsy people go bedward, or the dead to their graves. Many a revolution has it been his fate to go through, and invariably with a prodigious uproar. And whether or no he have told me his reminiscences, this at least is true, that the more I study his deep-toned language, the more sense, and sentiment, and soul, do I discover in it.

This bell—for we may as well drop our quaint personification—is of antique French manufacture, and the symbol of the cross betokens that it was meant to be suspended in the belfry of a Romish place of worship. The old people hereabout have a tradition, that a considerable part of the metal was supplied by a brass cannon, captured in one of the victories of Louis the Fourteenth over the Spaniards, and that a Bourbon princess threw her golden crucifix into the molten mass. It is said, likewise, that a bishop baptized and blessed the bell, and prayed that a heavenly influence might mingle with its tones. When all due ceremonies had been performed, the Grand Monarque bestowed the gift—than which none could resound his beneficence more loudly—on the Jesuits, who were then converting the American Indians to the spiritual dominion of the Pope. So the bell—our self-same bell, whose familiar voice we may hear at all hours, in the streets—this very bell sent forth its first-born accents from the tower of a log-built chapel, westward of Lake Champlain, and near the mighty stream of the St. Lawrence. It was called Our Lady's Chapel of the Forest. The peal went forth as if to redeem and consecrate the heathen wilderness. The wolf growled at the sound, as he prowled stealthily through the underbrush—the grim bear turned his back, and stalked sullenly away—the startled doe leaped up, and led her fawn into a deeper solitude. The red men wondered what awful voice was speaking amid the wind that roared through the tree-tops; and following reverentially its summons, the dark-robed fathers blessed them, as they drew near the cross-crowned chapel. In a little time there was a crucifix on every dusky bosom.—The Indians knelt beneath the lowly roof, worshipping in the same forms that were observed under the vast dome of Saint Peter's, when the Pope performed high mass in the presence of kneeling princes. All the religious festivals, that awoke the chiming bells of lofty cathedrals, called forth a peal from Our Lady's Chapel of the Forest.—Loudly rang the bell of the wilderness, while the streets of Paris echoed with rejoicings for the birth-day of the Bourbon, or whenever France had triumphed on some European battle-field. And the solemn woods were saddened with a melancholy knell, as often as the thick-strewn leaves were swept away from the virgin soil, for the burial of some Indian chief.

Meantime, the bells of a hostile people and a hostile faith were ringing on Sabbaths and lecture-days, at Boston and other Puritan towns. Their echoes died away hundreds of miles south-eastward of Our Lady's Chapel. But scouts had threaded the pathless desert that lay between, and, from behind the huge tree-trunks, perceived the Indians assembling at the summons of the bell. Some bore flaxen-haired scalps at their girdles, as if to lay those bloody trophies on Our Lady's altar. It was reported, and believed, all through New-England, that the Pope of Rome, and the King of France had established this little chapel in the forest, for the purpose of stirring up the red men to a crusade against the English settlers. The latter took energetic measures to secure their religion and their lives. On the eve of an especial fast of the Roman church, while the bell tolled dismally, and the priests were chanting a doleful stave, a band of New-England rangers rushed from the surrounding woods. Fierce shouts, and the report of musketry, pealed suddenly within the chapel. The ministering priests threw themselves before the altar, and were slain even on its steps. If, as antique traditions tell us, no grass will grow where the blood of martyrs has been shed, there should be a barren spot, to this very day, on the site of that desecrated altar.

While the blood was still plashing from step to step, the leader of the rangers seized a torch, and applied it to the drapery of the shrine. The flame and smoke arose, as from a burnt-sacrifice, at once illuminating and obscuring the whole interior of the chapel, now hiding the dead priests in a sable shroud, now revealing them and their slayers in one terrific glare. Some already wished that the altar-smoke could cover the deed from the sight of Heaven. But one of the rangers—a man of sanctified aspect, though his hands were bloody—approached the captain.

'Sir,' said he, 'our village meeting-house lacks a bell, and hitherto we have been fain to summon the good people to worship, by beat of drum. Give me, I pray you, the bell of this popish chapel, for the sake of the godly Mr. Rogers, who doubtless hath remembered us in the prayers of the congregation, ever since we began our march.—Who can tell what share of this night's good success we owe to that holy man's wrestling with the Lord!'

'Nay, then,' answered the captain, 'if good Mr. Rogers hath holpen our enterprise, it is right that he should share the spoil. Take the bell and welcome, Deacon Lawson, if you will be at the trouble of carrying it home. Hitherto it hath spoken nothing but papistry, and that too in the French or Indian gibberish; but I warrant me, if Mr Rogers consecrate it anew, it will talk like a good English and Protestant bell.'

So Deacon Lawson and half a score of his townsmen took down the bell, suspended it on a pole, and bore it away on their sturdy shoulders, meaning to carry it to the shore of Lake Champlain, and thence homeward by water. Far through the woods gleamed the flames of Our Lady's Chapel, flinging fantastic shadows from the clustered foliage that had never caught the sunlight. As the rangers traversed the midnight forest, staggering under their heavy burden, the tongue of the bell gave many a tremendous stroke—clang, clang, clang!—a most doleful sound, as if it were tolling for the slaughter of the priests and the ruin of the chapel. Little dreamed Deacon Lawson and his townsmen that it was their own funeral knell. A war-party of Indians had heard the report of musketry, and seen the blaze of the chapel, and now were on the track of the rangers, summoned to vengeance by the bell's dismal murmurs. In the midst of a deep swamp they made a sudden onset on the retreating foe.—Good Deacon Lawson battled stoutly, but had his skull cloven by a tomahawk, and sank into the depths of the morass, with the ponderous bell above him. And, for many a year thereafter, our hero's voice was heard no more on earth, neither at the hour of worship, nor at festivals, nor at funerals.

And is he still buried in that unknown grave? Scarcely so, dear reader. Hark! How plainly we hear him at this moment, the spokesman of Time, proclaiming that it is nine o'clock at night! We may therefore safely conclude, that some happy chance has restored him to upper air.

But there lay the bell for many silent years; and the wonder is, that he did not lie silent there a century, or perhaps a dozen centuries, till the world should have forgotten not only his voice, but the voices of the whole brotherhood of bells. How would the first accent of his iron tongue have startled his resurrectionists! But he was not fated to be a subject of discussion among the antiquaries of far posterity. Near the close of the Old French war a party of New-England axe-men, who preceded the march of Colonel Bradstreet toward Lake Ontario, were building a bridge of logs through a swamp.—Plunging down a stake, one of these pioneers felt it graze against some hard, smooth substance. He called his comrades, and by their united efforts, the top of the bell was raised to the surface, a rope made fast to it, and thence passed over the horizontal limb of a tree. Heave-oh! up they hoisted their prize, dripping with moisture, and festooned with verdant water-moss. As the base of the bell emerged from the swamp, the pioneers perceived that a skeleton was clinging with its bony fingers to the clapper, but immediately relaxing its nerveless grasp, sank back into the stagnant water. The bell gave forth a sullen clang. No wonder that he was in haste to speak after holding his tongue for such a length of time! The pioneers shoved the bell to-and-fro, thus ringing a loud and heavy peal, which echoed widely through the forest, and reached the ears of Colonel Bradstreet, and his three thousand men. The soldiers paused on their march; a feeling of religion, mingled with home tenderness, overpowered their rude hearts: each seemed to hear the clangor of the old church-bell, which had been familiar to him from infancy, and had tolled at the funerals of all his forefathers. By what magic had that holy sound strayed over the wide-murmuring ocean, and become audible amid the clash of arms, the crashing of artillery over the rough wilderness path, and the melancholy roar of the wind among the boughs!

The New-Englanders hid their prize in a shadowy nook, betwixt a large gray stone and the earthy roots of an overthrown tree; and when the campaign was ended, they conveyed our friend to Boston, and put him up at auction on the side-walk of King-street. He was suspended, for the nonce, by a block and tackle, and being swung backward and forward, gave such loud and clear testimony to his own merits, that the auctioneer had no need to say a word. The highest bidder was a rich old representative from our town, who piously bestowed the bell on the meeting-house where he had been a worshipper for half a century. The good man had his reward. By a strange coincidence, the very first duty of the sexton, after the bell had been hoisted into the belfry, was to toll the funeral knell of the donor. Soon, however, those doleful echoes were drowned by a triumphant peal for the surrender of Quebec.

Ever since that period, our hero has occupied the same elevated station, and has put in his word on all matters of public importance, civil, military, or religious. On the day when Independence was first proclaimed in the street beneath, he uttered a peal which many deemed ominous and fearful, rather than triumphant. But he has told the same story these sixty years, and none mistake his meaning now. When Washington, in the fullness of his glory, rode through our flower-strewn streets, his was the tongue that bade the Father of his Country welcome! Again the same voice was heard when La Fayette came to gath er in his half-century's harvest of gratitude. Meantime vast changes have been going on below. His voice, whic, once flvatid over a little provincial sea-port, is now reve-

berated between brick edifices, and strikes the ear amid the buzz and tumult of a city. On the Sabbaths of olden time, the summons of the bell was obeyed by a picturesque and varied throng; stately gentlemen in purple velvet coats, embroidered waistcoats, white wigs, and gold-laced hats, stepping with grave courtesy beside ladies in flowered satin gowns, and hoop-petticoats of majestic circumference; while behind followed a liveried slave or bondsman, bearing the psalm book and a stove for his mistress's feet. The commonalty, clad in homely garb, gave precedence to their betters at the door of the meeting-house, as if admitting that there were distinctions between them, even in the sight of God. Yet, as their coffins were borne one after another through the street, the bell has tolled a requiem for all alike. What mattered it, whether or no there were a silver scutcheon on the coffin-lid? 'Open thy bosom, Mother Earth!' Thus spake the bell. 'Another of thy children is coming to his long rest. Take him to thy bosom, and let him slumber in peace.' Thus spake the bell, and Mother Earth received her child. With the self-same tones will the present generation be ushered to the embraces of their mother; and Mother Earth will still receive her children — Is not thy tongue a-weary, mournful talker of two centuries? Oh, funeral bell! wilt thou never be shattered with thine own melancholy strokes? Yea; and a trumpet-call shall arouse the sleepers, whom thy heavy clang could awake no more!

Again—again, thy voice, reminding me that I am wasting the 'midnight oil.' In my lonely fantasy, I can scarce believe that other mortals have caught the sound, or that it vibrates elsewhere than in my secret soul. But to many hast thou spoken. Anxious men have heard thee on their sleepless pillows, and bethought themselves anew of to-morrow's care. In a brief interval of wakefulness, the sons of toil have heard thee, and say, 'Is so much of our quiet slumber spent?—is the morning so near at hand?' Crime has heard thee, and mutters, 'Now is the very hour!' Despair answers thee, 'Thus much of this weary life is gone!' The young mother, on her bed of pain and ecstasy, has counted thy echoing strokes, and dates from them her first-born's share of life and immortality. The bridegroom and the bride have listened, and feel that their night of rapture flits like a dream away. Thine accents have fallen faintly on the ear of the dying man, and warned him that, ere thou speakest again, his spirit shall have passed whither no voice of time can ever reach. Alas for the departing traveller, if thy voice—the voice of fleeting time—have taught him no lessons for Eternity!

Old Coon's Tavern.—There are several inns on the road west of Detroit, but no one wishes to stop short of this. 'Old Coon' is a queer fellow. He had lived here, man and boy, for a great number of years. His physiognomy expresses what his words demonstrate—a most indomitable propensity to quiz. An anecdote is told of him. Some time ago, two strangers stopped at his house for refreshments. They wished to know what eatables he had on hand:—

"Have you fowl?"
"Not even an egg."
"Turkey?"
"A cock turkey that is too old to kill."
"Goose?"
"A gander which I brought into the country with me."
"Meat of any kind?"
"Not a bone."
"Not even venison?"
"Plenty in the forest."
"Well, what have you got?"
"Nothing but a roasted wolf; will you dine?"

The strangers had never eaten wolf, but they were hungry, and would not be likely to get food for a long distance. So, after much hesitation, they concluded to try a hand at the unsavory dish. Old Coon disappeared.—They reconnoitered the room to see if there was any thing in its aspect to warrant an inference of such a dearth of eatables. Every thing was in its place; furniture enough, none too much. Neither meanness nor prodigality presided at the purchase of those articles. A carpet only was wanting. Why then should the landlord have on hand nothing but *roast wolf?* He returned, as they pondered the question, and asked them into a large dining hall. "Now gents, if you like roasted wolf, help yourselves." Old Coon disappeared again. The strangers were rooted to the floor. They could neither move, speak, or look at each other; but they could laugh, and the hall rang with their laughter; for the *roasted wolf* had passed through a Pythagorean metamorphosis, and appeared upon the table in the more inviting shape, of 'fowl, fish, and good red herring.' The story goes, that the strangers as in duty bound, did ample justice to the dinner. By way of retaliation for Coon's joke, they resolved to promulgate the name far and wide. And perhaps it is no more than fair to suppose that much of the worthy landlord's subsequent renown is traceable to the very extensive dissemination of this anecdote. Old Coon, (Conrad Ten Eyck) is now Grand Marshal of Michigan.

Cor. American Traveller.

From the Knickerbocker for March.

THE MEMORIES OF LIFE.

"Ah! still I gaze, and feel as one
Who, travelling, marks a landscape pass'd,
Where streams the influence of the sun,
While cloud and storm are round him cast."

I know not years—yet have I lived long years,
And known deep sorrow—and if beam of joy
Have gleamed across my pathway, as I trod
The valley of my pilgrimage, it seem'd
As if in mockery—and the lustre fell
Upon my spirit's front, like the cold light
Upon the ice-mounts of the shining north.

No radiance has been mine that lit the heart,
But that which played upon its summit—all
Without or warmth or glory. I have lived
When life was but a pastime—and the beat
Of the quick pulse was like no pendulum,
That measures what it governs—but a rush
Of the ungoverned waters, that spring forth
And pass to sea in tumult. On that wave
Rose the bright spirit of joy—and every swell
Of the glad billow lifted while it bore
A soul of joyousness—but sweeping down
The pathway of sad change, the skies were chang'd,
And the deep light departed. I was left
A being over whom the sights and sounds
Of earth had lost their power—a being bow'd
As to new idols, and new worship. Thus,
Without a heeded measure of my days,
They passed to the great ocean. I beheld
No value to them. Like a pendulum,
They swung their weary duty—pattering
The story of Time's passage; and to-day
Telling the tale of yesterday—till years
Pass'd in this nothingness, and I beheld
Their history on my brow. I heard afar,
Like the great anthem of the heaving seas,
A sound come o'er my ear, when I recall'd
The mem'ry of young joy—the beautiful,
The many-voiced, and holy. I trode back
The path where I had leapt when pulse was song,
And every cadence music—when the sky
Was but a habitation of bright hearts,
That beat to melody—and gave the world
A lustre and a loveliness that none
Could season into being, though they seemed
Led by the best philosophy—a light
That the soul gather'd from simplicity,
And gazed on through this dome of all the stars!

Grenville Mellen.

From the London New Monthly for February.

THE WIDOWER.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Were I, Damon Daffodil, to announce my intention of writing the memoirs of my bachelor days, the reading public would be on the tiptoe of expectation, eager to trace the flirtations of *un joli Garçon;* while half the pretty women would be on their exquisite marrowbones, entreating to be omitted in the long list of my conquests. But I am no traitor to the fair, or, as it is very justly called, the weaker sex. True it is that I *have* detailed the happy hours of my unmarried life, not in black and white, but on pink paper, with blue ink; but the manuscript is carefully folded, sealed, and tied with white satin riband; and it is not to be made public for a century at least. I therefore skip my many 'hair breadth 'scapes,' and proceed at once to the day when I so far committed myself as to stand irrevocably on the brink of matrimony.

My chosen was not so pretty as I could have wished, being tall, thin, and angular; nor did she turn out so amiable as I had thought her, being vain, opinionative, and dictatorial. But, at the period of which I speak, everything was *couleur de rose*, so much so, indeed, that I never detected she was a *blue*.

We married; and, as *my* wedding-day was one of weeping to many fair damsels, who shall at present be nameless, I, of course, anticipated perpetual smiles and sunshine on the part of Mrs. Daffodil; but Mrs. D.'s serenity only lasted just so long as she was the one person thought of, looked at, and attended to in society; and, not being exactly the fairest of the fair, nor the brightest of the bright, there were moments when others—and when, it must be owned, I myself, ventured to praise other beauties, and to listen to the silver accents of other lips. Then it was that Rebecca Daffodil would boil with indignation, and talk *at* others, and praise herself, until I began to wish that some more deserving individual had properly appreciated her, and snatched her from the offer which I had rather precipitately made.

As is the custom in all civilized societies, her portrait was to be painted, and *nominally* presented to her husband—that is to say, *I* was to pay for it, and then I was to see less of it than any body else; for it was to be sent to the Exhibition, and then to be hung up, not in my own room, for nobody would have seen it there, but in the drawing-room. I pitied the poor artist from my very soul. He began, and, indeed, very nearly finished, a very admirable likeness; but, in an unlucky hour, he permitted Rebecca to peep at his performance. I never shall forget her that day as long as I live.

"Have you seen my portrait, love?" said she to me at dinner.

"Yes, dear."

"And what do you think of it?" cried she.

"Admirable! I never saw a better likeness."

"You are jesting!"

"No, indeed," I replied. "As I said to Mr. Tintums, it really was like looking at *yourself*."

"He told me you said so; but I could not believe it until I heard it from your own lips. Why, I showed it to fifteen highly-talented people this very day, and they said it was abominable."

"Having first been told by you that you did not relish its being thought like."

Nonsense, sir. Look at the lines; it makes me forty, at least!"

"Well, Becky dear, but you know you *are* thirty-sev—"

"Hold your tongue, Mr. Daffodil. I am aware that I married an old bachelor of fifty; but—"

"Hem!—to the point, my dear. Your picture."

"Well, it's condemned. St. Aubyn said to-day that he could not *blame* Mr. Tintums, for that *I* ought to be painted in rainbow tints."

"Oh! ah!—that accounts for it."

"And though raven hair and dark eyes may be painted, it is *not* easy to give the hyacinthine gloss to the one, nor the emanation of the poetic mind to the other."

"Yes, yes; I see."

"In fact, it is *not* possible to give to *my* portrait the delicacy and beauty of the original."

"Clearly, money thrown away, then," said I.

"Still, you know," added my wife, "that bright circle, of which I am the brilliant centre, expect to see me on canvass, and the attempt must be made."

"It has been made."

"He must try again. Had my poor mother been alive, this *might* have passed for *her*."

I said no more; and Rebecca, like an old hen, went on sitting and sitting, until an oval production was exhibited to the public, as like her as it was like me. An oval frame was then procured, and the picture was suspended. I suspended my judgment, because, thinking it young and beautiful, I could not conscientiously say it resembled Becky; but my wife's literary friends all found out some defect—some eye, nose, mouth, or chin, not good enough for the corresponding feature in her face; and, lovely as they all declared it to be, they unanimously said or insinuated that it was less lovely than the original.

In the spring of 1820, Becky and I agreed to travel. It is a sad thing for a bright circle when its brilliant centre talks of going away; and many were the lamentations uttered by the hangers on who radiated round my wife. I was, however, thoroughly sick of them; and, finding that I had set my heart on an excursion, and moreover rather wishing to see something of the world herself, the amiable woman yielded to my solicitations, and our final arrangements were made.

We had resolved to visit Guernsey and Jersey, and then to proceed to St. Malo, or some other port on the coast of France. We embarked in a large and commodious steam-packet, having engaged a small private cabin; and away we went from the Tower stairs, full of eager hopes and anticipations, as long as we were in calm water in the river; but all qualms and wretchedness as soon as the motion of the vessel indicated that we were off the North Foreland. We paddled on, however, whether we liked it or not, and got within sight of Dover, when contrary winds, that terrified even our captain, obliged us to put back and anchor in the Downs. Oh, the misery of the days that we spent, rocking, and rolling, and pitching to and fro, without advancing one inch on our voyage! I was very ill myself, and as for Becky, I really thought she would have died; but she didn't—at least *not then*. Our cabin was a mere cell, and the misery of it, during the period that we were *anchorites*, is not to be described. But somehow, poor Becky and I never agreed so well in our lives! Being both sea-sick to a most humiliating extent, we were connected by a reciprocity of feeling that had never existed before. In the pauses of our indisposition, we looked wistfully at one another, and sympathy was kindled in our bosoms.

Besides, there is nothing like habit; it reconciles us to any thing and any body; and, wretched as I was in the little cupboard where we were immured, I felt that I should have been more wretched had I been deprived of the society of my wife and her little dog Snap. Snap was as sea-sick as ourselves; and never shall I forget Becky's anger when a rough sailor said, "How your *dog* be *catting*, ma'rm!" I think there *was* a contradiction in the phrase. It is truly said, that 'after a storm comes a calm,' and so it did; but then again, after the calm came another storm; and so it went on, and we were blown hither and thither, until our paddles were broken, our coals exhausted, and our provisions as low as our spirits. Not that I and Becky cared about provisions—but the crew did; and whilst the captain and the mate walked the deck and consulted what was best to be done, I and *my* mate watched them in silence, like unhappy criminals expecting every moment to hear sentence of death pronounced upon them.

Our vessel had been christened *The Duck;* but so battered and forlorn was her condition, that I could not help asking myself the old question—"*Can a duck swim?*" I confess I began to have my misgivings.

"The sea was rough, the clouds were dark," and our captain evidently did not know exactly where we were; by no means a cheering situation; but, worn out with watching, weariness, and want of food, Becky and I undressed o rselves and retired to our very little bed, which was spread upon a sort of shelf in our cabin. I am morally convinced it never could have been intended to accommodate *two*, but in such an hour we were not to be separated, and we both soon fell asleep.

All of a sudden the ship struck upon something with a concussion so violent, that I who had placed myself on the outer extremity of the shelf, was thrown out of bed upon the floor of the cabin. Becky, I believe, slept on—I cannot say positively; I am not sure; for in the hurry of the moment, without thinking of her, poor thing! I snatched with my right hand a box containing all my valuables, and, seizing my small clothes with my left, I rushed upon deck in a state of nudity and anxiety, to see what was the matter; and I found that our vessel, The Duck, had run foul of another vessel, and was filling fast, and going to the bottom.

The two vessels became entangled for a minute or two, and it was just possible to step from the smaller one into the bigger and the safer. I instantly took the step, and found myself standing on the deck of a strange vessel, surrounded by gentlemen and ladies I had never seen before; and I just as I had left my pillow, with my box in one hand and my small clothes in the other. I rushed to a secluded corner to put on the latter, and then paid my respects to the captain, politely requesting him to accommodate Mrs. Daffodil as well as myself.

It was a dreadful moment for a husband! There *are* tragedies in real life too painful to be detailed in a narrative, too heart-rending to be represented on the stage; such was mine. The captain congratulated me on my own escape; but as for my beloved wife, and The Duck that bore her, of which in the darkness he had obtained but a glimpse, it appeared to be the general opinion that she was a wreck and gone to the bottom.

What a horrid phrase for a husband to hear! I believe I fainted, and continued for many hours in a state of insensibility. The next day I went on deck, and eagerly looked around for The Duck, nay, for a fragment of that vessel, a hen-coop with Becky astride upon it, waving her night-cap to attract attention; but no, I saw nothing but what people call the waste of waters illuminated by the rising sun.

I was yielding sadly to the combined effects of grief and sea-sickness, when it occurred to me to inquire in what I was sailing, and whither we were going. The ship was the Hope, bound for the East Indies! The East Indies! Impossible! I assured Captain Higgins that I could not think of accompanying him, but he smiled, and inquired whether a voyage with him was not preferable to being drowned.

I will not dwell on my sensations and sufferings: for months I walked the deck, looking on Becky's winding sheet, a *sheet of water!* or peeping over the side of the vessel into the depths below, at the horrible water-wagtails which had perhaps devoured her.

It was so awkward to be made extemporaneously a widower; no funeral, no tombstone, no BODY buried anywhere! For as to what people call "a watery grave," it amounts, to my thinking, to no grave at all; and then the sea has such an awkward way of *throwing it up again;* one can never feel quite sure. Poor Becky, I pictured her to myself: no coffin, and not a rag of a shroud, stretched upon an oyster bed, where at least there was no want of a *shell*. All this was very shocking: she was, as one of the sailors unfeelingly observed in my hearing, "food for fishes;" and it was a very long time before I could reconcile myself to the flavor of soles or turbot. I even loathed lobsters,—I who used to be so partial to them.

Another thing that vexed me was the impossibility of paying proper respect to the defunct, and wearing mourning. Becky had all the *weeds* to herself, (sea weeds, alas!) and I walked about in a borrowed blue jacket and duck trowsers; my only mourning for The Duck and her precious passenger! My voyage continued to be unprosperous: what could be expected after such a beginning? and it was two months beyond the usual time allotted for a voyage, that I landed at Madras. Oh! that landing! shall I ever forget! in such a boat, and amid such a surf: every moment I expected to be re-united to my Becky; but my better angel presided, and I was snatched from the danger that impended.

I am not going to dwell upon the events which occurred in the East nor my motives for remaining there much longer than I intended. I was now a single man; no ties united me to my native country; I amused myself very agreeably, and two years had elapsed before I revisited the land of my fathers.

My voyage home was pleasant enough. There was a nice old lady on board, and a dear, dark, interesting girl, her daughter. We became intimate; and suffice it to say, that, when we landed, I was *all but* "a happy man."

We went to the same hotel; and the very next night, before I had communicated with my man of business, or made known my arrival to my friends, I accompanied my fair companions to Drury-lane Theatre, where a young lady was to make her first appearance in Belvidera. We occupied a private box, and, engrossed by the interest of the scene, and with my right hand locked in that of the beautiful Anna Maria, I gave myself up to enjoyment, and almost forgot that there was any one else in the house except our three selves. Towards the end of the fifth act, however, there resounded a shrill scream from an opposite box, and raising my eyes, I saw—*was* it possible? no, it could not be,—yet it was—it *was* Becky, gazing wildly at me, and resting on the shoulder of an exceedingly tall, dark-whiskered gentleman. I screamed too, and then Becky screamed again, and the *debutante* on the stage encouraged by her apparent success, screamed also; falling on her knees, and scratching away at the boards with her nails, to dig up Jaffier. But without any digging on my part, and without the aid of any scratch (unless it was the *old one,*) there stood Becky alive before me; and to end so horrible an uncertainty, I ran round the house, and entered her private box.

It *was* Becky, and by her side was the Irish gentleman Captain O'Diddle, of Killballycurmudgeon Castle, in the county Clare, who was to be united to my wealthy *widow* on the following Monday. I was *sorry* for him, *very sorry*; and for myself, *more* sorry; and for Anna Maria, and her mother, and Becky too; it was unpleasant for *all* parties. However, my *late* wife and I were soon established in our old residence; and she once more became the brilliant centre of a bright circle. The Duck, though very much damaged, had kept afloat until her crew and passengers were rescued by a steamer on her way to Dublin. Becky, supposing I had fallen overboard, mourned a decent time in that capital; and then went to Killarney, and the Giant's Causeway, and other celebrated places in the Emerald Isle, and made the acquaintance of Captain O'Diddle. She never recovered the shock, (*which* shock it is impossible for me to say, my *loss*, or my sudden reappearance.) At the end of two years, she grew nervous; and, having no particular complaint, she employed a new popular doctor, who cured every imaginable disease after a fashion of his own.

Mrs. Daffodil died: I never felt so awkward in my life; I had gone through all the grief which was to be expected on such an occasion already, and could not do it all over again; besides, months ago, I had made up my mind to her loss. I however went into the deepest mourning (for that was still *due* to her,) and I attended the funeral,—so that now there can be no mistake, and I am justified in positively stating that the remains of Mrs. Daffodil are deposited in ——— churchyard, beneath a very handsome, large, and weighty monument, which has been erected to her memory by her disconsolate husband.

Anna Maria is still single; and as she is at present residing with her mother in the Isle of Wight, I am meditating an excursion to that lovely spot, and may probably hereafter communicate to the public the result of our meeting.

ANECDOTE OF LORENZO DOW.—Some years since, Lorenzo preached at Charleston, (S. C.,) and in the course of one of his sermons, attacked with some severity the character of a citizen who had lately died, and whose death he alleged was in consequence of his vices. For this he was, at the instance of the relatives of the deceased, prosecuted and found guilty by a jury. The court sentenced him to pay a small fine and endure a short imprisonment. The Governor of the State, however, pardoned him, and paid the fine himself.

The next Sunday Lorenzo preached to a crowded audience, commencing as follows:

"There was, we learn from the New Testament, a certain rich man who lived, I *think*, at Jerusalem, and his name was Dives. He was clad in robes of purple and linen, and fared sumptuously every day. That is, he lived high, or what might be called *dissipated*. Now there was also, *I think*, in Jerusalem a certain beggar named Lazarus, who asked to be fed only with the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table. He lay down at the gate of his palace, but the rich man would not hear him, and set the dogs on him. So this poor beggar died, and then his sorrows ended, for he was carried by angels to Abraham's bosom. Yes, Lazarus went up aloft, his spirit soared up to heaven, where all good men will go when they die. But my brethren, you will ask what became of Dives, the rich man? Why, my friends, after a while he died also, and I don't know but he died drunk; I will not, however, say so positively, for I don't know but he has some *relations among those who now hear me*, and I may be prosecuted for *defamation of character*."

LAW AND EQUITY.—"Pray, my lord," said a gentleman to a late respected and whimsical judge, "what is the distinction between law and equity courts?" "Very little in the end," replied his lordship; "they only differ so far as *time* is concerned. At common law you are done for at once; in equity you are not so easily disposed of. The former is a bullet, which is instantaneously and most charmingly effective; the latter is an angler's book, which plays with its victim before it kills it. The one is prussic acid, and the other laudanum. They'll both kill you, and you have only to decide whether you will get rid of your sufferings by quick or by slow means—whether you will be ruined in the *outset*, or enjoy a previous state of purgatory in anticipating your certain, though deferred destruction." Much useless and self-annoying litigation may be avoided if these quaint but true remarks are treasured up and acted upon.

From Hood's Comic Annual.

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON.

AGED THREE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop,—first let me kiss away that tear)—
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear,)
Thou merry laughing sprite!
With spirits feather light,
Untouch'd by sorrow, and unsoil'd by sin—
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin.)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestruck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore a-fire!)
In Love's dear chain, so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy!
There goes my ink.)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit play-fellow for fays, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls his tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble! That's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamp'd from Nature's mint—
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)
Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off, with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
Touch'd with the beauteous tints of dawning life!
(He's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies, buoyant as the thistle down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)
Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the south!
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,—
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,—
(I'll tell you what, my love!
I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)

HOW TO DRIVE AWAY THE DEVIL.—A Frenchman named Louis d'Orleans has been imposing upon the inhabitants of the island of Guernsey, by pretending that he could drive away the devil, in the most inveterate cases of witchcraft. Strange to say, he found many disciples. A few weeks ago d'Orleans was called by a highly respectable family. Some bad fortune had befallen them—in one word, the whole family were bewitched! D'Orleans requested a few days to cure them, and having appointed the time, a number of persons were there to see the miracle performed. D'Orleans came and asked them some questions, which they answered him; he then declared that the Devil was amongst them, and that he would turn him out, and that they should see him. He then told them to shut all the doors close, and then said, "The Devil is coming—do you not hear his chains rattle?"—"Oh, yes," they tremblingly replied. The chains began to rattle louder, and d'Orleans stentoriously exclaimed, "Open the doors," and down tumbled the Devil from the old farm-house chimney, as black as his admirers could have wished him to be, and, dragging a huge chain after him, darted like lightning through the doors, vociferating inarticulate sounds. This horrid appearance of the Devil himself almost deprived the credulous people of their senses. When they had a little recovered from their dismay, D'Orleans announced that his Satanic Majesty had gone never to return again. The intelligence caused an immediate feeling of joy among them, and they paid the fee with the most unbounded rapture, in which state d'Orleans left them, whilst he went to make merry with the Devil at their expense. Such are the means by which sorcerers, in the nineteenth century, impose upon the ignorant.

English paper.

A NAME.

THEY named him—ah! yet
Do I start at that name;
Have I still to forget?
Is my heart still the same?
Long hours have passed on
Since that name was too dear;
Now its music is gone,
It is death to my ear!

It tells of a false one,
Ah! falsest to me;
My heart's life begun,
It has ended, with thee!
I loved, as those love
Who but one image know
In the blue sky above,
On the fair earth below.

I had not a thought
In which thou had'st no part;
In the wide world I sought
But a place in thy heart.
To win it I gave
All that had been my pride;
Like a child or a slave
Subdued at thy side.
All homage was sweet
I for thee could resign;
Others knelt at my feet,
But I knelt at thine.

I was happy, I dreamed
I could trust to thy word;
My soul's faith it seemed
In my idol—and lord!
And yet thou could'st change—
And, did we meet now,
Thy voice would be strange,
And altered thy brow.

I thought I had schooled
My heart from regret—
It will not be ruled,
'Tis so hard to forget.
I live in a crowd,
And I seem like the rest,
But my spirit is bowed
By a grief unconfess'd.

From my pillow at night—
'Tis so wretched—sleep flies,
And morning brings light
And the tears in my eyes;
They speak, and I ask what
It is they would say,
For the thoughts that I name not
Are with thee far away.

'T was a light word and careless
That named thee again;
There were none by to guess
Why I shuddered like pain.
But the damp on my brow,
The pang at my heart,
Revealed to me how
Wildly loved still thou art.

Yet, false one, farewell!
I have still enough pride;
Though hopeless to quell,
Yet at least it can hide.
But, ah! may an hour
Be waiting for thee—
When Love, in his power,
Shall avenge him for me!

L. E. L.

London New Monthly for Feb.

From the London New Monthly for February.

THE IRISHMAN IN EGYPT.

"'Twas on the spot in ancient lore oft named,
But now for British valor far more famed."

Captain F——, of the Engineers, while serving in Egypt, was one morning seated in his marquee, when he saw, drawing near, a miserable Arab, bestriding the hind-quarters of an ass, which also carried a pair of large pan-niers, filled with garden esculents—acceptable, and some-what rare, commodities at that time and place.

This purveyor of greens was jogging inoffensively along, looking out for purchasers, when his evil star sent him such a customer as he did not bargain for—a tall and powerful Turk, richly dressed, and armed to the teeth, who, without a word, dragged him from his seat, kicked the panniers off their bearer, 'and spread his vegetable store' upon the sand. Pressing as this hero's temporary necessity for a steed might be, it was probable that he would not have tolerated one so mean, but for the pleasure of tyrannically usurping the goods of a powerless inferior; yet, ere he had lifted his leg high enough to cross the animal, a dapper fellow, much below the ordinary size of soldiers, who had been cleaning his master's belt close by roared out—

"What d'ye mane be dat, ye big blackguard? How dare ye maltrate the Arawbian in his lawful calling? Let go his ass, or you'll sup sorrow, my lad!"

The Mussulman, though he might not understand a word this champion of the injured poured forth, could neither mistake nor relish the hostile look or menacing gestures of little Jemmy Mullhollan, to whom, however, he only vouchsafed the mute and dignified hint of laying his hand on his dagger.

"Och, you murtherin' thief! you mane that, do you?" cried Jemmy. "By all that's holy, I'll tache you manners!" Then, springing upon the formidable persecutor, he wrenched the weapon from his hand, and flung it into the air. "Hooroo!" shouted Jemmy, dancing with passion, and reiterating the wild exultant cry so frequently heard in an Irish *scrimmidge*.

The follower of Mahomet stood for a few moments ut-terly confounded by the suddenness and success of this attack; but, recovering his self-possession, prepared to draw a pistol from his girdle.

"Ye're there, are ye, ould muslin cap? Bad cess to ye, but I'll take the shine out of yez yet!"

Saying this, Jemmy made a furious butt with his bull-head at the breast of the Moslem, which felled him to the earth, with 'the boy' on top of him. As they rolled over each other in their prostrate scuffle, the active Hibernian absolutely abducted his foe's pistols. In drawing the second from the folds of the shawl, it went off, and alarmed the guard, some of whom hastening to the spot, secured the combatants.

Mullhollan, spite his narrow escapes from ball and blade, was unhurt; but the Turk had one eye 'bunged up;' while, on his nose, the fist of Erin had performed a diametrically contrasted operation, broaching its claret, by which a handsome vest was liberally stained. This was a ready-made-out strong case of assault and battery. The suffering party, addressing an officer who had been led to the scene of action, insisted on seeing the Com-mander-in-Chief, to make complaint of the rough usage by which he had been insulted. The poor Irish lad was conveyed to the guard-house, and the Turk to Lord Hutchinson, on whom the command had devolved

"When the brave Abercromby received his death wound."

His Lordship ordered the matter to be investigated; and Captain F——, in detailing what he had witnessed, dwelt with pleasure on the humane impulse of the little Irish fighting-cock. Still the malignant and the turbaned Turk demanded the life of the offender in expiation.

It was the policy of Lord Hutchinson to treat the Otto mans and Mamelukes who still hung about our camp with every mark of respect. Peculiar circumstances would have rendered it dangerous to refuse even this request. A drum-head court-martial was assembled—Mullhollan's transgression fully proved, and he was ordered for instant execution. The sentence being made known to the be-labored and vindictive infidel, he seemed appeased, though his satisfaction was somewhat qualified when he heard that "the regulations of the British army would not per-mit persons of an opposite faith to *witness* a punishment."

In about an hour, a strong detachment was seen march-ing towards the sand-hills in the rear of the camp, and in the midst of this guard the prisoner, who, to his honor be it spoken, seemed to bear his fate with extreme forti-tude. As far as the soldiers would permit, the poor Arab followed on his donkey, wringing his hands, and wailing over this reward of his protector's brave good-nature. Just ere Jemmy's escort turned this grateful creature back, the condemned man begged leave to speak with him—"That is," said Jemmy, as his entreaty was granted, "to shake his brown hand, and pat his brown baste, in token that, if it war to do agin, I'd do that, and more, for an un-lucky divil as couldn't help himself; and I don't mind what's come of it at all, my man; so be aisy!"

The gallant bearing of the speaker re-assured the being to whose wrongs he was a victim, and they parted. The appointed spot was soon gained—the fatal volley fired. As it reached the ear of the maltreated Turk, he was seen to smile, and, with a heart full of gratified malice, hurried from the vicinity of the camp.

In a few minutes the soldiers returned; when, in full regimentals, carrying his musket, and occupying the centre of the rear rank, *marched Jemmy Mullhollan!* who had lent himself to this exhibition of justice, and for many a year afterwards would laugh over the story.

"Shure, I liked the fun of licking the long chap, and chating him after it. He was a bigger jackass than the ould cabbage-man's own, if he thought my Lord would rob the sarvice of a lad like me for all the Turks that ever wore whiskers. I tuk good care to keep shut of him ever after, for all that—as, if we had met, he'd have fallen out wid me for being alive, to a sartainty; and the next shindy I had wid him, I might not have been let off so convaniant. The Arawbian did twig me at last, and frightened enough he was; but I tipped him summut handsome, not only to show I was no Fetch, but to make him hould his tongue."

BERNON E. HILL.

"*Southern Literary Messenger.*"—The last number of this work is an excellent one. Its principal papers are—An Address delivered before the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society, by T. W. Gilmer; Passages from the papers of the late George Lepner; Glimpses into the Biography of a Nameless Traveller; Arthur Gordon Pym, by E. A. Poe; Readings with my Pencil, by James F. Otis; Sully, a Tale of the Blue Ridge; Notes and Anecdotes of Na-poleon; Marco Visconti, a Tale by Mrs. E. F. Ellet; On reading the Paul and Virginia of St. Pierre, by Mrs Sigourney; A Lay in Win-ter by W. G. Simms. The number contains about forty original papers, and is issued in a style of elegance surpassing the best cor-responding works of Great Britain. (T. W. White, Richmond, Va.)

"*The London and Westminster Review.*"—Mr. Foster has re-published the January No. of the great organ of British Radicalism in excel-lent reason. It is mainly devoted to literature, and therefore more interesting to American readers than when given over to the discus-sion of Church Refor m, Rotten Boroughs, and Hereditary Peerage. Contents: Terms of Alliance between Radicals and Whigs; Apher-isms; Astoria; Fallacies of the Poor Laws; Memoirs of Mirabeau; The Rambler in Mexico; Progress of Events in Canada: Wraxall's Memoirs; Lamartine.

"*The London Quarterly Review,*" which Mr. Foster has also laid on our table, is rather literary than political. Its articles discuss—The Life and Works of Oliver Goldsmith; Trial by Jury; Lord Mahon's History of England; Campbell's Poems; The Church and Dissent-ers; Lucien Bonaparte's Memoirs; The Factory System; Wraxall's Memoirs; Napier's Peninsular War. The way Sir N. W. Wraxall's 'Memoirs of his own time' are served up has no example in this country.

"*The Religious Magazine and Family Miscellany.*"—The March No. of this excellent periodical contains—Extracts from the Unpublished Journal of a Traveller in Switzerland; The Ring-Leader, a conver-sion in College; Sobriety inculcated in the Scriptures; A Scene at Sea; Christian Self-Denial; The Stage Driver's Friend; Talkative-ness; The Fireside; The Voice of the Grave; Literary Notices; We scarcely meet with a work in which religion is commended to the heart of the reader in a manner so unexceptionable and attrac-tive as in this. Prof. E. A. Andrews, Editor; W. H. S. Jordan, Boston, publisher. (J. R. Callender, 141 Nassau, is Agent for this city.)

Indian Gallery.—Mr. Fuller, sole agent of this important work, is now at the Astor House, where those who desire to see and subscribe for the Gallery, can have an opportunity of so doing. In England this work has been patronized by the King and nobility, and in this country it will have a most extensive support.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

From the Liverpool Correspondent of the Evening Star.

Captain Chamier, author of "Life of a Sailor," has a new novel ready for publication. It is called "The Arethusa."

James, the novelist, has a new biographical work, called "Memoirs of Celebrated Women," and will have portraits of Madame de Maintenon and Margaret of Anjou.

Mrs. Shelley's new novel will be entitled "Falkner."

The author of "Hajji Baba" and "Zohrab" (Mr. James Monier) has a novel nearly ready; it is 'yclept "Abel All-nutt."

A new edition, with additional letters and illustrative notes and anecdotes, of Lord Chesterfield's correspondence is spo-ken of as being in preparation.

Thiers' History of the French Revolution is now being translated into English for publication by Bentley, of London.

The correspondence of Napoleon, as General of the army of Italy, First Consul and Emperor, is to be published in England. It includes his despatches, bulletins, and procla-mations. The work will be rendered complete by the addi-tion of Josephine's letters and those of several of the Bona-parte family.

J. B. Fraser, known by his travels in the Himalaya Moun tains, is bringing out "A Winter's Journey from Constanti-nople to Teheran, with travels in various parts of Persia; a residence in Tcheran, and journey through Khorassan among the Toorkmans of the Desert, and by the Caspian Sea to Tabrez.

Gleig, author of "The Subaltern," is preparing "Chelsea College and its Traditions." Gleig was a soldier, and is the Chaplain of that asylum for disabled military.

Theodore Hook is writing "Memoirs of Charles II. and his Court."

Foublanque, Editor of the Examiner, delays over his "Eng-land under severe Administrations."

As a companion to James's Naval History, there is an-nounced "The Military History of England." It will have portraits, plates, maps, &c.

Blenheim, an historical romance, and the Life and Times of Louis XIV. are among forthcoming works.

Theodore Hook's new novel, "Jack Brag," is said to be fin-ished at last.

"Excursions in the Abruzzi and Northern Provinces of Na-ples," is announced as forthcoming from the pen of Hon. Keppel Craven.

Prince Paul of Wirtemburg, announces his "Travels in the United States."

Mrs. Trollope has a new novel in hands, it is called "The Vicar of Wrexhill."

Douglas Jerold, the dramatist, has nearly ready "Nell Gwyne; or the days of Charles II."

Samuel Lover, author of "Legends and Stories of Ireland," has a 3 volume work in the press, with 15 characteristic illus-trations etched by himself, for he is artist as well as author.—This work is called "Rory O'More."

You may remember the Expedition into the Interior of Africa by the River Niger, in the steam vessel Quorra and Alburkah, in 1832, 1833 and 1834. Macgregor Laird and R. A. K. Oak-field, the surviving officers of that expedition are about pub-lishing an account thereof.

Cooper, the American novelist, is about publishing in 2 vols. his "Recollections of Europe."

Mr. E. Howard, editor of the Metropolitan, and author of "Rattlin the Reefer," is about publishing a sea novel to be called "The Old Commodore."

Capt. Maxwell's "Bivouac; or Stories of the Peninsular War," is nearly ready.

A work in 2 volumes is announced under the sporting title of "A History of Horse Racing, from the earliest period to the present time."

Prince Puckler Muskau's "Adventures in Algiers and other parts of Africa," of which I made mention in my last account of foreign literature, is in course of translation for an English bookseller.

Capt. Chamier is editing "Lives and Adventures of the Pirates and Buccaneers."

"Boz," author of the humorous Pickwick Papers has a 3 volume work of fiction in hand. He is a Parliamentary Re-porter for the London Chronicle, and editor of Bentley's Mis-cellany.

Lady Mary Fox [daughter to William IV. by Mrs. Jordan] edits in 1 vol. "An account of an Expedition into the interior of New Holland."

As a completion of Pepys' Memoirs, his correspondence is coming out, with a narrative of his voyage to Tangier: and notes on the naval affairs of his time. Pepys was Secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II.

The Hatton Papers are to be published immediately: they comprise letters illustrative of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, collected and arranged by Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord Chancellor.

ROUSSEAU AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.—When Rousseau was in England, Mr. Garrick paid him the compliment of playing two characters on purpose to oblige him—they were Lusignan and Lord Chalkstone—and as it was known that Rousseau was to be present, the theatre was crowded to ex cess. Rousseau was highly gratified, but Mrs. Garrick told me that she had never passed a more uncomfortable evening in her life; for the recluse philosopher was so very anxious to display himself, and hung so forward over the front of the box, that she was obliged to hold him by the skirt of his coat, that he might not fall over into the pit. After the per-formance, he paid a handsome compliment to Mr. Garrick, by saying, "I have cried all through your tragedy and laugh-ed through your comedy, without being at all able to under-stand the language."

Cradock's Memoirs.

THE NEW-YORKER.
SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1837.

The Interests of the Laboring Classes—The Meeting in the Park.—No one can rejoice more sincerely than we at the new aspect which politics and political action are beginning to assume in this community. The day of names—of mere lines of demarcation—would seem to be well nigh over. The great mass of the people are beginning to ponder—to deliberate—to scrutinize—to ask for some further and more tangible benefit from a political triumph than the elevation of a popular chieftain or a distinguished orator. Mere words, however euphonious or high-sounding—professions, however honeyed or sweeping—flattery, however profusely or skilfully administered—seem destined but for a little longer to sway the general will. Candidates for popular favor, it is hardly too much to presume, will be required before many years to show forth some good that they have done, or intend to do, or are capable of doing, instead of expatiating and relying upon that which somebody else is asserted or may be supposed to have accomplished. Utility is fast coming into fashion; and the aspirant whose views and measures seem calculated to add one barrel of flour to the annual product of each voter's industry will hereafter stand an even chance with one who establishes the most faultless political genealogy, and whose general protestations of love and reverence for the dear people, as the fountain of all wisdom as well as power, could not be exceeded in fervency.

We say we rejoice at the revolution which popular sentiment is evidently and rapidly undergoing; and, as indicative of this change, we rejoice in the imposing character and numerical strength of the meeting of the laboring classes last week in the Park. (By the way, the three or four thousand who were on the ground when we were a spectator are said to have been afterward swelled to ten, fifteen, and by some they are estimated as high as twenty thousand.) We do not believe that there were at any moment so many as ten thousand voters present. But grant that five thousand understood the purpose and participated in the doings of the meeting, and its opinions and recommendations are entitled to grave consideration.

The meeting was called to consider the present exorbitant prices of the necessaries of life, and to devise and adopt ways and means for effecting a reduction. Now, from the nature of the case it was absolutely impossible that there should be any thing like a full and fair discussion of these evils and proposed remedies. Indeed, we doubt that those who did address the meeting (and they are not deficient in wind) were distinctly heard by one-fifth of the assemblage. But it seems that a Report claiming to be expressive of the sense of the meeting was adopted, and though there is ample room for exception in the notorious fact that not one-fifth of the meeting could have heard it, we choose to consider it the embodied sense of the convocation. Most of those present knew something of the peculiar sentiments of the godfathers of the concern, and knew that a Report of their concoction would naturally emblazon such sentiments as these:

"There is another great cause of high prices, so monstrous in its nature that we could hardly credit its existence, were it not continually before us—we mean the curse of *Paper Money*. Gold and silver are produced from the earth *by labor*; they are (or ought to be) earned from the producer *by labor*; and the man who has earned a portion of these metals by honest labor harms no one by selling them for *labor* to others. No man or combination can by Christian means collect a sufficiency of these metals to enable him to engross the food, or fuel, or houses of a nation; but a leagued band of paper-promise coiners exert absolute control over the whole wealth of a country! They can print off the nominal value of our whole wheat crop in five minutes; and as they draw compound interest on all the DEBTS they owe, the more they owe, the greater their income, and the more absolute their power."

"Banks are in fact legally authorized banditti, levying contributions and indirect taxation from every hour at business, filching from the industrious the fruits of their labor, and making the rich richer and the poor poorer."

We have selected but a few of the assertions of like general character put forth in the Report. We look in vain for proof—for sequence—for any thing which would carry conviction. The necessaries of life are dear—here is one notorious fact; there are a good many Banks in the country—here is another fact; the Banks can control the wealth of the country—here is an assertion; but we see no connection of the evils we temporarily suffer with the existence of Banks. We firmly believe the evils would have certainly existed, and in a more aggravated form, if there never had been a Bank in the country. What has the Report set forth calculated to shake our opinion? It seems to us that it would have been just as conclusive had it chosen to assert—"In 1829, Gen. Jackson came into power, and for the last eight years his Administration has exercised a controlling influence over the legislation and currency of the country.—During this period, all the necessaries of life have doubled in cost—therefore General Jackson and his measures are responsible for the evils we suffer." Now it is no answer to our objection to say that every man would at once detect the fallacy and absurdity of this reasoning, and insist that no sufficient connection had been shown between the evils and their imputed cause. Precisely such, in our opinion, is the case with the Banks; and, before we unite in their wholesale condemnation, we insist on being favored—not with vague exaggerations of what they might do, but with distinct specifications and proofs of the mischiefs they have done.

But not only do we object that the Report imputes the existing evils to Banks without warrant, but that it keeps entirely out of sight the two real, palpable causes of high prices—the failure of the grain harvest, and the vast strides of improvement in our country. We ask the authors of this Report to fancy any specie currency nation of fourteen or fifteen millions expending one hundred millions on Canals and Railroads within two years, and twice as much on the building of houses, opening of roads, improvement of wild lands, and other desirable and permanent additions to the general wealth, and then suppose a remarkably short crop of breadstuffs superadding its influence to that of a process necessarily exhausting. We do not ask that this shall occur in a country like Spain or Turkey, where 'hard money' now reigns and has long reigned triumphant and exclusive—but we are willing to take a country whose energies are fully developed and in vigorous action like those of our own—as they never can be, by the way, without a pervading credit system. Let such a one, with an exclusive specie currency, expend three hundred millions in two years in opening new channels of intercommunication and otherwise improving its condition and developing its resources—let a short crop next ensue—and if the necessaries of life do not rise in cost to a higher point than they have reached here, we must acknowledge our entire ignorance of the relation of cause and effect. We can no more doubt that these two conspiring causes—the unprecedented improvement of the country and the failure of the last grain harvest—have caused the enhancement of the price of provisions, than we can doubt their existence. Some, no doubt, will exclaim, Give us cheap living, then, and away with your internal improvement! We say no—we would not have our new settlements returned to forests, our canals filled and our railways torn up, or their progress arrested, which is nearly the same thing, our mills and manufactories unbuilt, the comfortable and commodious dwellings erected during the last two years transformed into their log-framed and mud-plastered predecessors, even though flour might thereby be reduced to five or six dollars a barrel. Yet here is the real foundation of the difference between the views of the Park declaimers and our own.

But rents and fuel—these, too, have increased in price, and here is no deficient harvest. How do you account for this? say the Loco-Focos. The abominable Banks must be at the bottom of this oppression. Not so, gentlemen. Fuel has been too high here, because those who have coal to sell are so few in number that they can combine and regulate the price while the avenues to the mines are closed by the rigors of winter. We must devise some remedy for this—but destroying the Banks will not do it. That, so far as it would affect the matter at all, would only reduce the amount of capital employed in the coal business, reduce the amount of coal brought to this city, reduce the number of persons engaged in the coal trade, and thus produce a real scarcity instead of a fictitious one, and render combination to exact high prices much easier than now. We must devise some better counteraction than this.

Rents remain to be considered. They are too high, and we are all striving to reduce them. Let us see whence the evil comes, and we may then labor understandingly for its correction. One reason of high rents undoubtedly is that our population increases faster than our houses, and the case is very general throughout the country. From Calais and Castine to Nacogdoches and Milwaukie, the complaint is universal that there are not houses enough for the inhabitants. Mobile and New-Orleans feel the want even more keenly than we do; and rents are as high there as with us. Here we have sixty thousand foreign emigrants poured in upon us every year, filling up every nook and corner which may at any time remain unoccupied. Our population increases ten per cent. per annum—our business still more considerably—our dwellings not four per cent. Who does not see that rents must rise under such circumstances? What is the more obvious remedy? To build more houses. Ah, yes! but uninvested capital is scarce as well as houses.—Money is worth **twenty** per cent. per annum, and those who have it will not employ it in building houses to rent for six or seven per cent. In this juncture, we say there is a scarcity of money for the business wants of the community—let us increase the issues under prudent restrictions until the actual rate of interest is reduced to six or seven per cent. and then houses will abundantly be built. Not so, say the Loco-Focos and the Report—destroy three-fourths of our currency, and make money worth fifty or a hundred per cent. and then—What then? Will houses be plentiful? Yes, if the present occupants shall have gone to the Alms-House, the newly imported citizens may get them cheap—otherwise we do not see how. Will a destruction of paper money reduce the money value of real estate? Undoubtedly; but the scarcity of the last six months has reduced that value, and yet rents advance. The whole thing is simple. The landlord whose house was worth ten thousand dollars last Spring, estimating its annual interest at six per cent. charged a rent of $600 per annum. Now, allowing that the house is worth but eight thousand dollars, that sum is as well worth ten per cent. now as it then was six; and ten per cent. on eight thousand is eight hundred per annum. This proportion between the value of money and that of property in which it is invested will always remain, or, if disturbed, there will be a constant approximation toward it. It ill becomes the captains of thousands and tens of thousands to act in ignorance of such indubitable truth.

We assume it, then, as a fact demonstrated by nearly every man's personal experience that there is not too much but too little money in circulation at present; and that an increase of the amount, under careful regulations, would be highly beneficial to the productive interests of the country, and injurious to none but usurers and extortioners. To talk of the inflation of the currency, the enormous over-issues of paper, and this sort of stuff, while money is worth two per cent. a month on the very best paper, and two of every three men in the community are seeking to borrow it to sustain their fair and legitimate business, is the height of absurdity.

And here the same notorious facts contradict the reckless assertions of the Report that "a leagued band of paper-promisers" can control the currency and wealth of the country.—The notorious truth is that the Banks cannot control half so far as they are controlled by the policy of Government and the circumstances of the country. Suppose the President through the Secretary of the Treasury should to-morrow direct that all the public moneys now in the Deposite Banks should be drawn out, and no more be deposited any where, but locked up until wanted—or suppose he should order that all receipts into the Treasury and payments therefrom should be in gold and silver exclusively—is there any man so ignorant as not to know that money must inevitably become even scarcer and dearer than it now is, in spite of the utmost exertions of the Banks? Is there a man so stupid as not to know that the Banks would gladly make money plentiful if they could do so with safety? A great majority of Bank Directors are connected with the mercantile, manufacturing, and other interests which are suffering severely from the general want of money; others are holders of real estate; and all of them, except the very small number who are mere money-lenders and speculators upon the wants of the necessitous, would be directly and immediately benefited by a restoration of confidence and plenty in the Money Market.

And now, need we say one word on the point that it is the interest of the laboring classes to have money abundant rather than scarce—seven per cent. per annum rather than forty? Who does not see that the flour-merchant who purchases in Genesee and Ohio and sells in this city will very

properly add the interest of his money invested in the business to his other charges in estimating the cost and fixing the price of his flour, and that the difference between seven and thirty-seven per cent. will be very sensibly felt by the consumer? You cannot ask the merchant to employ his money thus at seven per cent. when he can get five times as much by using it in another way. The principle extends to and governs every branch of trade and manufactures, and thus a scarcity of money increases the cost of every purchased article to the consumer. And yet the laboring classes are rallied to enlist in a crusade of which the practical effect will be to tax all their earnings thirty or forty per cent. for the sole benefit of moneyed capitalists and usurers.

We have exhausted the space which we can afford to this subject, without beginning to exhaust the subject itself. Its importance will justify a farther considerarion.

Washington Gossip.—The letter-writers have not all left the Metropolis yet. Several of them concur in a story that the Secretary of State (Hon. John Forsyth) was recently inquired of by the new President as to the eligibility of an Extraordinary Mission to the Court of the Emperor of Austria—which the hot-blooded Southron construed into an intimation that his services were no longer required in the Cabinet, and thereupon resigned, and prepared an Appeal to the People of Georgia, which would have appeared in The Globe of the following morning but for an explanation between the parties and an adjustment of the difficulty. Even if there be truth at the bottom of this, it is quite probable that this version of the affair needs correction.

Rumor says also that thirty Members of the new Senate before its adjournment united in an appeal to the President for the revocation of the Treasury Order requiring Specie for Public Lands, and that Mr. Van Buren replied that the subject should receive an early and deliberate consideration It seems the general belief at Washington that the Order will be modified if not revoked before the next meeting of Congress.

Hon. Daniel Webster was received with great distinction by his political and personal friends in this city on Wednesday, on his return from Washington to Massachusetts. A Committee met him on the route and escorted him to the city, landing at the Battery, where a numerous cavalcade awaited him. He thence proceeded, through the midst of an immense concourse of citizens, to the American Hotel, where preparations had been made for his reception. In the evening, he addressed a highly respectable and numerous assemblage of his fellow citizens in Niblo's Saloon, in a Speech of two hours and a half, reviewing the whole course of National politics. That it was able, and eloquent, and warmly approved by the auditory, we need not say. We understand that it will be published.

Hon. Richard E. Parker of Virginia has resigned his seat in the Senate of the United States, to accept a high judicial station.

Gen. David Campbell, the new Governor of Virginia, appears to have been so little known to the Legislature that elected him that his name was incorrectly given David *A.* Campbell.

Messrs. Blair & Rives of the Globe, we should have stated last week, were elected Printers to the new U.S. Senate, on the last night of the old one, vice Gales & Seaton of the National Intelligencer. Vote: Blair & Rives 28, Gales & Seaton 19, Scattering 2.

Hon. George C. Washington, Md. and Hon. Chilton Allan, Ky. have severally declined a re-election. Hon. Richard A. Hawes, his former competitor, is a candidate to succeed the latter.

Elisha Bartlett, Esq. the present Whig Mayor of Lowell, has been re-elected over Eliphalet Case, Esq. Postmaster, by a vote of 1,020 to 817—majority 203. The Whig Aldermen were likewise successful; Common Council divided.—The State Election last fall resulted differently.

Rochester Election.—We learn that the friends of Mr. Van Buren were successful in the recent Charter Election at Rochester, carrying four out of five Wards. Last fall, the Whigs had a majority.

Hon. Leverett Saltonstall, (Whig) has been re-elected Mayor of Salem, Mass. having 654 votes out of 662 given.

The Washington Official—The rumor that Hon. Alex. Everett is about to engage as Editor of an Administration journal at the Metropolis, is contradicted. We regret it.

Col. Claiborne W. Gooch has been appointed Postmaster at Richmond, Va. The old one was ousted, on the sufficient ground that he resided at a distance from Richmond.

Chevalier Severin Lorich, Swedish Charge d'Affaires, died at Washington on the 11th inst. after a few days' illness. He was a gentleman highly respected.

Thomas Kempshall, Esq. (Whig) has been elected Mayor of Rochester.

Hon. Richard Rush is now in London, prosecuting the claim of our Government to the Smithsonian legacy.

Gen. Wm. C. Keen, Editor of the Weekly Messenger and Postmaster at Printer's Retreat, Ind. has been arrested on a charge of secreting a letter coming through the Post Office. He was also Judge of the Probate Courts.

The Presidency Ahead.—We understand from the Richmond Enquirer that Mr. Van Buren will be a candidate for re-election, and that Mr. Benton and Mr. Rives will concur heartily in his support.

Bernard Hooe, Esq. has been elected Mayor of Alexandria, D. C.

Dr. Francis Mallory is the Whig candidate for Congress in the Norfolk District, Va. late Hon. George Loyall's.—Hon. Joel Holleman, State Senator, is the Administration candidate.

The Congressional Investigations.—The Reports of Mr. Wise, from the minority of the General Investigating Committee, and of Mr. Peyton, from the Whitney Committee, have been spread before the public through the columns of the National Intelligencer and the Reformer, at the Metropolis. Their great length will preclude their general perusal. Mr. Peyton does not appear to have increased his stock of knowledge materially by acquisitions from Reuben M. Whitney himself—that individual having stood mute as an oyster throughout the investigation, refusing to answer one question in five of those put to him by the Committee, deeming them inquisitorial and referring to his private concerns. The investigation, however, established pretty satisfactorily that he derives a princely revenue from the Deposite Banks—certainly greater than that of the President of the United States;—but there is no treason in that. We do not really see that much of a case was made out against Reuben, except that he is doing a pretty stiff business in banking, politics, etc., and appears very well satisfied with it. Some of the Deposite Banks and their sponsors did not come off so handsomely—some very queer correspondence of theirs having got on file in the Treasury Department, and elsewhere. Some of them were very forward in certifying to their political orthodoxy and efficiency; but it does not appear that any such qualifications were required of them by the Government. Mr. Whitney had now and then a word to offer on politics, but there are none such from Secretary Woodbury, although such were written to him.

Mr. Wise's Report animadverts severely on the course of the majority of the Committee, whom it accuses of laboring throughout to stifle or obstruct the investigation. In support of this great charge, he quotes largely from the journal of the Committee's proceedings. We make room for one extract, which bears more directly on the main question than any other passage of equal brevity:

"No withstanding the committee refused to enquire into the *appointment* and *removal* of officers, yet several instances of *retaining corrupt and fraudulent officers, whose malfeasance was made known to the President and Heads of Departments, have been proved beyond cavil or dispute.*

"The clearest case of this kind, and there could be none clearer, is the case of Joseph W. Reckless, a collector at Perth Amboy, New Jersey. He was charged, on the 3d of January, 1835, with the grossest official misconduct as a collector. The charges were of embezzlement and *fraud*, and the specifications were made. His excuses and apologies for his misconduct were proved to be knowingly and wilfully false, before a commissioner appointed by the Department to take depositions in the case and to report thereon. He actually *confess d* himself to be *guilty* of the most serious charge of fraud, and offered no testimony or excuse which could, in any respect, be considered as exculpatory or in palliation. The evidence was fully reported to the Department. A most false and ex parte abstract of that testimony was laid before the President, by the Secretary of the Treasury, containing scarcely any of the evidence on one of the main charges, and only the exculpatory testimony on another. The President, however, as proved by the Secretary, and by Mr. Pearce, read *all the evidence* in the case; and yet he made a decision in flagrant contradiction to the testimony of one of the witnesses, (Brinly,) making him acknowledge what he expressly testified to the contrary of; found that to be merely irregular which was proved and *confessed* to have been *corrupt*; and what was more shocking still to all moral sense, he *acquitted the officer*, and yet ordered him to pay back the money which he had embezzled and defrauded the Government of, according to an account thereof by the Comptroller. The amount involved in this case was small, being only some three or four hundred dollars. But though it was but *petty larceny* in the inferior officer, it was the *grandest* dereliction of duty and injustice to the Government, on the part of his superiors, the President and Secretary. (See the entire testimony of the Hon. James Parker, and William Hook, Esq., contained in the printed journal hereto appended, pages 129 to 188, inclusive. See also the testimony of the Hon. G. D. Wall, and the Hon. D. J. Pearce.) This officer, thus retained in place, it is hardly necessary to add, is and was, as stated by Mr. Parker verbally, a warm and active partisan of the present and coming Administration, taking a zealous part in political meetings and arrangements in New Jersey.

"Another case, of precisely similar character, was proved in the instance of retaining a land receiver, Spencer, at Fort Wayne, Indiana, after he had been proved guilty of official neglect in not making his deposites, of retaining balances due the Government for unreasonable periods of time, of receiving prohibited bank notes of the denomination of five dollars, and of *shaving* the money brought to his office to purchase the public lands. (See the printed documents appended to the testimony of the Hon. Balie Peyton, and his statement in relation thereto, hereto appended.)

"Another instance is the case of Samuel Gwin, a register of the land office in Mississippi, who has been repeatedly charged with the grossest official misconduct and violation of the law, in purchasing lands at sales of the public lands under his superintendence; of which the President has been informed by a responsible person, and yet no inquiry even into his conduct has been instituted (See the testimony of the Hon. B. Peyton, hereto appended.)

"A most flagrant instance of retaining an *incompetent* officer, is proved in the case of Herring, who was at the head of the Indian bureau. He was considered so incompetent by the Secretary of War, that the Secretary sought, at the session of 1831–'32, to create a new officer—that of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in order to supersede Mr. Herring, or take the superintendence of those affairs from his care. He, Herring, was then receiving a salary of fourteen or sixteen hundred dollars; the Commissioner of Indian Affairs was to receive $3,000 per annum. The Secretary applied to the respective Chairmen of the two Committees on Indian Affairs of the Senate and House to have the law, which he drafted, passed, creating the new office. The Chairman of the Senate's Committee objected, among other reasons, that if created it might be filled with an incapable person. Pledge was given that it should be well filled. The office was created, and the same Mr. Herring was promoted to fill it by the President. (See the testimony of the Hon. H. L. White and Hon. John Bell.)

"And it will be found, on a strict examination of all the testimony, that not only have prostituted political partisans, as in the case of Hocker, been *appointed* to office—that faithful and efficient officers, as in the case of Melville, have been *removed* from office [*for opinion's sake* or the want of *political influence*—that faithless, and fraudulent, and corrupt officers, as Reckless, Spencer and Gwin, and incompetent officers, as Herring, have been *retained in office after a full knowledge* of their *corruption* and *incompetency* by the President and Heads of Departments; but that an officer had been *paid for services he had never rendered*, has been appointed for months before he entered on the duties of his office, served during a part of that time in the State Legislature of Vermont, thus holding a State and Federal office at the same time, in violation of the State constitution—(see the constitution of the State of Vermont;) that all these facts were known to the Head of the Department when he allowed the account, and that the account itself was permitted to be filed in such form as to conceal and suppress these facts, and to suggest on its face reasons for allowing it which could not be proved by the person to whom it was allowed."

☞ The Report of the majority of the Committee (friends of the Administration) has not fully reached us. The portion before us is wholly confined to a discussion of the nature and extent of the powers of the Committee, in answer to the charge of laboring to obstruct and stifle investigation advanced by the minority. We shall endeavor to give in our next that portion of the Report which may refer to the matters set forth in the foregoing extract.

From the Washington Globe.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT,

By and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

James L. Edwards, to be Commissioner of Pensions.

Daniel B. Turner, to be Deputy Postmaster at Huntsville, Alabama.

Edmund Forstall, to be Treasurer of the Branch Mint at New Orleans.

Peter D. Vroom, of New Jersey, and Publius R. R Pray, of Mississippi, to be Commissioners to adjust claims to reservations of land under the fourteenth article of the treaty of 1830, with the Choctaw Indians, under the act of Congress of the third of March, 1837.

Montfort Stokes, of North Carolina, to be Agent for the Cherokee Indians.

John W. Sandford, of Georgia, to be Agent for the Creek Indians.

Joshua Pilcher, of Missouri, to be Indian Agent on the Upper Missouri.

John Kennedy, of Tennessee, to be Commissioner under the Cherokee treaty, in the place of William Carroll, resigned.

CONNECTICUT.—The friends of Mr. Van Buren in the several Districts have nominated the late Representatives in Congress for reëlection, viz:—Isaac Toucey, Hartford county; Samuel Ingham, New Haven and Middlesex; Lancelot Phelps, Litchfield; Elisha Haley, New London; Thomas T. Whittlesey, Fairfield; Orrin Holt, Windham. The Whigs have nominated—Joseph Trumbull, Hartford; Henry C. Flagg, New Haven; Phineas Miner, Litchfield; John H. Brockway, Fairfield. The contest at the ensuing election bids fair to be spirited.

The New Administration.—Mr. Ritchie, the able and influential Editor of the Richmond Enquirer, has been looking on at Washington for some weeks. The following article, from a late number of his paper, may therefore be deemed semi-official, so far as it relates to the views of the new President. It strengthens our prior impression that the Specie Circular will be nullified.

"We regret the failure of the currency bill; we regret that General Jackson was prevented, by his own impressions on the sentence of the court, from doing Gen. Scott ample justice; but justice will be done him. The papers which had been presented by the Court of Inquiry on Monday, were returned by the President for modification; the Court to meet at Washington instead of Frederick; but the Court, though it met, had no time to act, and they adjourned over to Tuesday last; and we cannot doubt that the new President will do Gen. Scott ample justice. This thing will go right, be assured of it. As to the currency bill, and the treasury circular, there is some difference of opinion among our friends; but we cannot entertain any serious apprehensions of the adjustment of this question. The opposition will, of course, attempt to make as much mischief out of it as they can; but we trust to the good sense of the President, and the discretion of the Cabinet, to put matters to rights.

"The friends of the administration have been baffled in their attempts to reduce the tariff and the revenue, but they will not relax in their efforts. It is one of those great principles which constitute an article in their political creed. It forms a broad line of distinction between them and their opponents. Some now insist, that fewer public lands should be thrown in the market—and that this constitutes the best remedy for the omissions of the last Congress; that this course, too, will enable the President to modify or rescind altogether the treasury circular; that it will circumscribe the rage for speculation, the over-issues of the State banks, and the accumulation of a large surplus. The idea is certainly entitled to serious consideration.

"The administration has to do its duty, and its friends keep united, and *all will be well.*"

LIST OF PUBLIC ACTS

Passed at the last session of the XXIVth Congress.

An act making appropriations for the civil and diplomatic expenses of government for the year 1837.

An act making appropriations for the current expenses of the Indian Department, and for fulfilling treaty stipulations with the various Indian tribes, for the year 1837.

An act to grant to the Atchafalaya Railroad and Banking Company the right of way through the public lands of the United States.

Joint resolution authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to correct a clerical error in the award of the Commissioners under the treaty with France of 1831

An act to change the title of certain officers of the Navy.

An act further to amend the act incorporating the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company.

An act making appropriations for the naval service for the year 1837.

A joint resolution directing the prompt publication of the annual statement of commerce and navigation.

An act to provide for the payment of horses and other property lost or destroyed in the military service of the United States.

An act making appropriation for the payment of the revolutionary and other pensioners of the United States, for the year 1837.

An act to change the name of the collection district of Dighton, in the State of Massachusetts, to Fall River, and for other purposes.

An act supplementary to the act entitled "An act establishing a Mint, and regulating the coins of the United States."

An act to authorize certain railroad companies to construct railroads through the public lands in the Territory of Florida.

An act making appropriations for the support of the Army for the year 1837.

An act to regulate, in certain cases, the disposition of the proceeds of lands ceded by Indian tribes to the United States.

An act making an appropriation for the suppression of Indian hostilities.

An act to amend an act entitled "An act to establish branches of the Mint of the United States," passed the 3d day of March, 1835.

An act to admit the State of Michigan into the Union upon an equal footing with the original States.

An act to extend the limits of the port of New Orleans.

An act to extend the jurisdiction of the District Court of the United States for the District of Arkansas.

An act to suspend certain provisoes of "An act to alter and amend the several acts imposing duties on imports," approved the 14th day of July, 1832.

An act respecting discriminating duties upon Dutch and Belgian vessels and their cargoes.

An act making an additional appropriation for the suppression of Indian hostilities for the year 1837.

An act to provide for the support of the Military Academy of the United States for the year 1837.

An act to provide for certain harbors, and for the removal of obstructions in and at the mouths of certain rivers, and for other purposes, during the year 1837.

An act to provide for continuing the construction and repair of certain roads, and for other purposes, during the year 1837.

An act to authorize the New Orleans and Carrollton Railroad from Carrollton to the town of Bayou Sara, in the State of Louisiana.

An act to amend an act entitled "An act for laying off the town of Fort Madison and Burlington, in the county of Des Moines, and the towns of Bellevue, Du Buque, and Mineral Point, in the county of Iowa, Territory of Wisconsin, and for other purposes," approved July 2, 1836.

An act to authorize and sanction the sales of reserves provided for Creek Indians in the treaty of March 24, 1832, in certain cases, and for other purposes.

An act explanatory of the act entitled "An act granting half pay to widows and orphans where their husbands and fathers have died of wounds received in the military service of the United States, and for other purposes.

An act making appropriations for building light-houses, light-boats, beacon-lights, buoys and dolphins for 1837.

An act concerning pilots.

Joint resolution to enable the Postmaster General more readily to change the commencement of the contract year in the Post Office Department.

Joint resolution authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to receive from the Bank of the United States, under the Pennsylvania charter, payment for the stock of the United States in the late Bank of the United States.

An act for the more equitable administration of the Navy Pension Fund.

An act supplementary to the act entitled "An act to amend the judicial system of the United States."

An act to provide for the enlistment of boys for the naval service, and to extend the term of the enlistment of seamen.

An act to authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to compromise the claim of the United States on the Allegheny Bank of Pennsylvania.

An act to extend for a longer period the several acts now in force for the relief of certain insolvent debtors of the United States.

An act for the appointment of commissioners to adjust the claims to reservations of land under the 14th article of the treaty of 1830 with the Choctaw Indians.

An act to continue in force for a limited time the act entitled "An act to carry into effect a convention between the United States and Spain."

An act to continue the office of Commissioner of Pensions.

An act to provide for the adjustment of title and final disposition of the four several sections in the tract of country allotted to the Tombeckbee Association for the encouragement of the cultivation of the vine and olive.

An act to give the approval and confirmation of Congress to three several acts of the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Wisconsin incorporating banks.

FROM EUROPE.

More packets from England and France than we have time to enumerate, have arrived at this port since our last. Among these, are the Silvie De Grasse, from Havre, Feb. 3, the Oxford, from Liverpool, Feb. 2, and the Poland, from Havre, Feb. 8, with Liverpool papers to the 4th.

The general news is not of great importance. Cotton and stocks have experienced a slight decline, but the demand for money has not increased. There have been few failures of consequence.

The influenza rages beyond precedent all over Western Europe. All classes are alike afflicted by it. It has occasioned very many deaths. It is fearfully prevalent in Prussia.

A British merchant vessel has been captured in the Euxine, for some infraction of the Russian restrictions on commerce in that quarter. The circumstance has excited some feeling in England, but is not viewed as an outrage by the Government.

The British Parliament was convened on the 31st of January. The King's speech and the response to it were purposely so framed by the Ministry, that no salient points were presented, consequently the Tories did not offer any amendment in either House. It is evident, however, that the session will not be a quiet one. The Ministers, between the assaults of the Tories on the one hand, and the ultra Radicals on the other, must strive hard to retain the control of the Government. For the present, they seem to lean towards the Radicals. We give the speech from the throne entire:

THE KING'S SPEECH.

My Lords and Gentlemen,—We are commanded by his Majesty to acquaint you, that his Majesty continues to receive from all Foreign Powers the strongest assurances of their friendly disposition, and his Majesty trusts that the experience of the blessings which peace confers upon nations, will tend to confirm and secure the present tranquility.

His Majesty laments that the civil contest which has agitated the Spanish monarchy has not yet been brought to a close; but his Majesty has continued to afford to the Queen of Spain that aid which, by the treaty of quadruple alliance of 1834, his Majesty engaged to give if it should become necessary; and his Majesty rejoices that his co-operating force has rendered useful assistance to the troops of her Catholic Majesty.

Events have happened in Portugal, which, for a time, threatened to disturb the internal peace of that country. His Majesty ordered, in consequence, a temporary augmentation of his naval force in the Tagus, for the more effectual protection of the persons and property of his subjects resident in Lisbon; and the Admiral commanding his Majesty's squadron was authorized in case of need, to afford protection to the person of the Queen of Portugal, without, however, interfering in those constitutional questions which divide the conflicting parties.

His Majesty has directed the Reports of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of the Province of Lower Canada to be laid before you, and has ordered us to call your attention to that important subject.

We have it also in charge to recommend for your serious deliberation those provisions which will be submitted to you for the improvement of the Law and of the Administration of Justice, assuring you that his Majesty's anxiety for the accomplishment of these objects remains undiminished.

We are required to convey to you his Majesty's desire that you should consult upon such further measures as may give increased stability to the Established Church and produce concord and good will.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,—The estimates of the year have been prepared with every desire to meet the exigencies of the public service in the spirit of a wise economy. His Majesty has directed them to be laid before you without delay. The increase of the revenue has hitherto more than justified the expectations created by the receipts of former years.

His Majesty recommends an early renewal of your inquiries into the operations of the Act permitting the establishment of joint stock Banks. The best security against mismanagement of banking affairs must ever be found in the capacity and integrity of those who are entrusted with the administration of them, and in the caution and prudence of the public; but no legislative regulation should be omitted which can increase and insure the stability of establishments upon which commercial credit so much depends.

His Majesty commits these great interests into your hands, in the confidence that you will be able to frame laws in accordance with the wishes of his Majesty and the expectation of his people. His Majesty is persuaded that, should this hope be fulfilled, you will not only contribute

to the welfare of Ireland, but strengthen the law and constitution of these realms, by securing their benefits to all classes of his Majesty's subjects.

My Lords and Gentlemen,—His Majesty has more especially commanded us to bring under your notice the state of Ireland, and the wisdom of adopting all such measures as may improve the condition of that part of the United Kingdom. His Majesty recommends to your early consideration the present constitution of the Municipal Corporations of that country, the collection of the Tithes, and the difficult but pressing question of establishing some legal provision for the poor, guarded by prudent regulations and by such precautions against abuse as your experience and knowledge of the subject onable you to suggest.

Bills to be brought forward in Parliament.—Lord John Russell has given notice for February 7, of a bill for the reform of the municipal corporations in Ireland, for establishing poor laws there, respecting pluralities and church rates, and for carrying into effect the recommendations of the ecclesiastical commission.

Mr. Stanley gave notice to inquire into the operation of joint stock banking.

Other bills noticed are for amending the municipal corporations of England; abolishing imprisonment for debt; for registration of voters; for vote by ballot; for adjourning the House before midnight; to repeal the septennial act, and stamp duties on admissions to boroughs; also to repeal the duties on ship insurances; to amend the marriage act; for relief of corn laws; for reforms of the Lords; respecting national education; for local courts; to place the finances of the counties under a county board, and to *regulate the expenses of elections;* to extend the elective franchise to all householders; to *abolish primogeniture;* for sale of waste land in the colonies to encourage emigration; against Bishops having seats in Parliament; to abolish plural voting in vestries and unions; for inquiry into the medical treatment of the sick poor; to repeal the duty on raw cotton; against proxy votes in the House of Lords; to amend the patent laws; for a commission to inquire into the state of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

Attempts at royal assassination are becoming every day more frequent.

Prince Ferdinand, the German husband of the young queen of Portugal, came near being assassinated near Lisbon, Jan. 25, by a Frenchman named Mercier, late ensign of foot in the queen's service, who threw a stone at the prince while the latter was returning from a steeple chase at Adjudo Park. The queen's former husband, Maximilian, was said to have been poisoned.

Sultan Mahmoud about the same time, while riding out from his winter palace at Constantinople, was shot by a Janissary with an air gun, and escaped only by the movement of his horse. The Janissary, with nine others, was bagged and consigned to the Bosphorus.

France and England have resolved to defray the expenses of the foreign legions of Spain.

Queen Donna Maria of Portugal, opened the Cortez in person with a speech, Jan. 26. She says she has invoked the extraordinary Cortes for the first time they have met in 16 years. She refers to the constitution of 1822 as that most congenial to the people. The young queen, as usual, makes many promises about amelioration, progress of free principles, protection of people, &c. but urges amendments to the constitution, reforms suited to existing wants, (i. e. her wants we suppose, judging from her late abortive attempt to strengthen her power.) She directs attention to the reduction of the finances. She speaks of "my government."

Later.—The Liverpool packet Virginian, which sailed on the 8th, arrived on Thursday afternoon. She brings little news. The Money Market was still depressed, and the Cotton Market along with it—very few sales making at Liverpool. The great moneyed interest of England would seem to be exerting itself to reduce the price of Cotton in order to prevent a balance of trade in favor of this country and a consequent exportation of specie. An attempt has likewise been made, apparently with the countenance of the Bank of England, to shake the credit of American Securities and cause a general return of stocks to this country, by asserting that the Charter of the United States Bank would be repealed, and that the doctrine of the absolute right of Legislatures to repeal Charters had been established by the result of our late elections. A counter manifesto has however been put forth by the agens and friends of the U. S. Bank in London, which seems to have had the effect of allaying apprehension.

The British Government are rigidly inquiring into the circumstances attending the Russian seizure of the British brig Vixen, and the affair seems to assume a more formidable aspect. It is warmly discussed in the London journals.

The plague has recently made dreadful ravages in Turkey, especially at Constantinople, where 60,000 persons are said to have fallen victims within six months. New difficulties have arisen between the Sultan and the Pacha of Egypt, which demand the interference of the Christian powers.

From Spain, the intelligence is meagre and obscure, but unfavorable to the Carlists.

Constantinople, January 4th.

On Sunday last, the Secretary of the Mint, a Minister of the first class, was assassinated in the Mosque of St. Sophia. Ali Riza Pasha, the deceased, was a man in the prime of life, and generally esteemed for his ability and integrity. It appears he was in the act of prayer, when an individual approached him as if to implore alms, but, suddenly drawing a dagger, wounded him mortally in several places, and then attempted to escape. Sentence having been passed upon him, he was forthwith beheaded, and his body exposed in public the next day. The excitement created at Constantinople by this event, is the stronger, that similar ones are of very rare occurrence.

The *Echo de la Haute Marne* announces that an inhabitant of the small town of Orges has invented a balloon, moveable by steam, by means of which any one may pass from Paris to Moscow, in a very short time, without rising to any great height from the surface of the earth.

From Smyrna.—The Boston Daily Advertiser has received Smyrna papers to Jan. 21st. The population were considerably alarmed early in the month by a rumor of the spread of the plague in several quarters of the city, but it proved on enquiry that it existed only in two cases, in which it was ascertained the disease was brought from Vourla. The diseased persons were put in the quarantine, and measures were taken to prevent the spread of the disease, which proved effectual.

Letters from Smyrna as late as Jan. 26th, have been received, which state that about the 18th the plague was abating at Constantinople, and that the whole number of deaths during its prevalence, was estimated at from 80 to 100,000. Smyrna was free from it, although some of the villages not far distant had been visited by it. In Bournabat and the neighboring villages there had been no new cases within the last three weeks.

News had been received from Bairout, under date of the 11th, which state that the whole of Syria had been thrown into consternation by a catastrophe which had involved several towns and villages in ruin. On the evening of the first day of the year, a few minutes before sunset, the towns of Tiberias, Japhet, and several villages in the neighborhood, were entirely overthrown by a violent earthquake, the shock of which was felt throughout the country, for a distance of many leagues. Those towns were but a heap of ruins, and it was said nine-tenths of the inhabitants perished. Every day new details of the frightful disaster were received, from various quarters, which showed its effects to be more extensive, than was at first predicted. No intelligence had been received from Jerusalem or Jaffa, and this silence was favorably interpreted, as it was supposed that if any calamity had befallen those cities, the news of it must have been received.

At Acre and Seide the shock was very severe. It was said that all the new buildings at Acre had been destroyed. At Seide, several houses were thrown down, and all others were more or less injured. The Khan of the French agent was rendered untenantable, as his wife was rescued from the ruins with her leg crushed. More or less damage was done at Bairout, and in the village near. Apprehensions were felt of further disasters, as light shocks continued to recur every day.

Much damage has been done in the country about Smyrna, by the violent rains which had prevailed. The fields were inundated, and many trees had been blown down by the storm.

The papers contain accounts from Constantinople to Jan. 18th. Two officers who had been attached to the Euphrates expedition, had arrived there, on their way to England. Col. Chesney with his steamboat was at Bagdad.

Extract of a letter from our Florida correspondent, dated St. Marks, Feb. 16, 1837.

On our way down from Tallahassee to this place, we approached within two miles of the spot where three waggons were burned, the three negro drivers taken, with some provisions. The Indians having set fire to the waggons and the remaining provisions, they took up their line of march for their nation below, with the mules, eight in number, and the negro drivers whom they had surprised. They were pursued, overtaken, and fired upon. The negroes were recovered, but the Indians made their escape.

News having arrived that Jumper, Alligator, and other chiefs, have pledged themselves to meet General Jesup on the 18th at Fort Armstrong, near Dade's battle-ground, I purpose to leave to-morrow in the U.S. schooner Motte for Tampa Bay, with the hope of being able to witness something of the interest which such a Council must necessarily excite. Captain Armstrong, the chivalrous officer of the Motte, who was with Gen. Gaines at the burial of the skeleton soldiers, and was also shot through the neck by a ball from the rifle of an Indian during Gaines's rencontres with the savages, gave me a polite invitation to accompany him in the Motte to Tampa, the cantonment often heard of in the details of the Florida War, and which cannot lessen in its interest in future history and story.

New York Legislature.—The Pilot Bill has passed the House—86 to 5. It leaves the appointment of Pilots pretty much as heretofore, but decidedly modifies and improves the system. But no matter—Congress has settled that business. The Senate has passed a bill to the stock of new Banks by auction. That is well; but we fear it is intended to destroy the General Banking project, which it must not be suffered to do. A proposition to make all Safety Fund Banks receive each other's notes in payment of debts is under consideration. It ought to prevail; and, instead of crippling the Banks, we firmly believe it would extend their circulation, assure their solvency, and increase their usefulness, while it would greatly benefit nearly every body else except the brokers. The same thing has been tried in New England, with the most entire success. We strongly hope to announce that our Legislature has done something for the relief of the community before many weeks.

Commercial Embarrassments.—Our merchants have gloomy news from the South. The Express Mail of Thursday, from New Orleans, brings intelligence of extensive failures in that city, amounting in the aggregate to many millions of dollars. Throughout the whole South-Western country, the scarcity of money is felt severely, as well as in the upper West. Protests come back to this city thick as Autumn leaves. Hard times these, my masters; what Loco Foco cataplasm shall work out our deliverance?

From Texas.—The New-Orleans American of March 1, has the following:—A gentleman just from Texas informs us that the utmost quiet prevails throughout the Republic, that the Government is fully sustained by the people, and that the whole population appears to be satisfied. Families have returned to their farms, and preparations are being made for an immense corn-crop. They have established a line of ten block houses, the whole distance from the Trinity to San Antonio. To each block house is appointed fifty mounted rangers. The people entertain no fears of the Indians, and apprehend nothing from their old foe. The emigration is unparalleled.

Later intelligence up to Feb. 23, has reached New-Orleans from Texas. The town of San Antonio was to have been attacked on the night of Feb. 16, by six to eight hundred Mexicans, many of them principal citizens of Bexar. Col. Seguin, of the Texian forces, immediately made prisoners of several of these personages, and proceeded with his corps to head quarters, where he was expected to arrive on the 18th. It was currently reported by deserters, supposed to be spies from the Mexican army, that this body was about to cross the Rio Grande. Col. Seguin sent five of the prisoners to head quarters.

From Granada.—The New-Orleans Bulletin has advices from Grenada via Jamaica, (from the latter to Feb. 6,) stating that Mr. Russell, the British Consul at Granada, had been released, and his prosecutors fined $6,000 The Consul was on board the Admiral's ship at Carthagena. The market at Jamaica was flooded with flour from Prussia, Hamburg, London, and the U. States.

From Mexico.—Advices at New-Orleans from Vera Cruz up to Feb. 8, confirm what had already been received at New-York, viz: that a private vessel had been sent out to meet and convey Santa Anna to Sisal, where he can fortify himself in the event of an attempt by his enemies to prevent his landing.

The Bustamente party is on the ascendant. The revolution in Chicapas is still gaining ground. Indeed Gen. Gerrier has never laid down his arms since the succession of the actual usurping Government.

Horrible Revenge.—A murder was committed in Upson county, Georgia, February 26th, upon Mr. H. Smoot, by three men named White, who were his brothers-in-law, and who, being dissatisfied with the marriage of their sister, pursued Smoot, knocked him down with a stick, and struck his head with a rock. The murderers are in custody.

NEW-YORK.

☞ The Editor of the New Yorker would return the smallest possible quantum of thanks to Messrs. Cambreleng and M'Keon, our Representatives in Congress, and a trifle more to Mr. Gideon Lee, for the great number of Public Documents with which he has not been favored during the past winter. Mr. Moore, it is understood, has been generally indisposed, and unable to attend to such matters. He, however, materially favored us in one instance, and has our thanks therefor. Mr Lee sent us a few Reports early in the session, but not afterward. Neither Mr. Cambreleng nor Mr. M'Keon has condescended to favor us with a scrap. We have an idea that Mr. C. might at least have sent us the bills introduced and reports made by himself;—but that is matter of opinion.

We feel constrained to state these facts, as also that the Washington Globe does not vouchsafe us an exchange, in explanation of the circumstance that our Congressional reports have usually been condensed from those of the National Intelligencer, Baltimore Chronicle, and New York Express—all Opposition papers. We have no reason to doubt their entire correctness; but it is desirable to have both sides before us in such cases. Mr. Benton's Speech on Expunging did not reach us till a week after its publication; many of the most important Reports of Committees have not reached us at all. The fault is not ours.

☞ The Publishers of The New-Yorker have great pleasure in apprising their patrons that they have at length effected an arrangement which ensures a great improvement in the printing and general appearance of their paper. They are enabled to assure the present patrons of their Quarto paper that the imperfections which have been so justly complained of during the current year will be entirely avoided in the next Volume, and especially that of two opposite pages not exactly backing each other, (technically, 'bad register.') At any rate, a contract has been made with the best machine printers in the city, having unlimited command of Napier and other Power presses driven by steam, and they have reason to hope that the execution of The New-Yorker will henceforth be not inferior to that of any journal in the city except one which is printed on a hand or common press, with extreme care and neatness. The size of our sheet, as well as the necessity for an early delivery, forbids a resort to this mode.

The Quarto New-Yorker will hereafter be printed on an Adams press of the most improved construction, at an increased expense, and put to press at 10 o'clock on Friday evening, in order that it may be printed with less rapidity and yet be punctually mailed or delivered to its patrons on Saturday evening. We trust this arrangement will obviate all difficulties.

*** We propose sending the first number of our Quarto Volume to all whose subscriptions expire with the preceding number, that they may see the improvement we shall have effected, and renew their patronage if they think proper. Those who deel no need not take the trouble of sending back that numb r, but are earnestly requested to hand it over to others who may thereby be induced to subscribe. That will be sent as a specimen, but if any should receive another copy who do not wish it, they will oblige us by returning it forthwith.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Burial of a Nun" (F. O. T. P.) is declined.
"Climes of Home" (Ganymede) will appear.
"Extract from the Fall of Tecumseh" (W. H. C. H.) is accepted.
"Song—I would go down to sleep," &c. will probably appear.
"Justice" asks too much of us when he requires that our whole political department for one week shall be filled with matter after his own heart. Still, had we been able to discover a single new idea or suggestion in any portion of the document he would force upon us, we should have published so much of it at least. Such not being the case, and having given place to every proposition therein set forth at least twice already, we did not think proper to engross a whole paper with their reiteration. As to his general exception, it were easy to demonstrate that we have devoted a greater number of columns to documents and extracts on his than the opposite side. Will he oblige us by making the comparison?
Our correspondent at Unadilla Forks (E. P.) is informed that his plan of electing President is our own precisely. As we have often stated it, we see no use of a repetition.

"Travels in Germany, Prussia, and Switzerland, by Rev. Henry Heistad."—The author of these Travels is a Virginia German, a clergyman and the son of a clergyman, of the Lutheran or Moravian persuasion. A man of fervent piety and zeal, his visit to the Father Land appears to have been strictly a religious one; and his adventures in that country entirely connected with the preaching of the Gospel. There is nothing in this work of special interest to the philosopher or the scholar; but those of like faith and feelings with the relater will be interested in his unpretending narrative. (Pp. 200 12mo. John S. Taylor, Brick Church Chapel.)

"Traits and Trials of Early Life, by L.E.L."—We may as well own that we have not read this volume, except a few detached passages; but intend to read it the first opportunity. It consists of eleven Tales, Sketches and Poems, replete, we feel assured, with natural feeling, deep pathos, and poetic beauty. They seem calculated rather for juvenile than more mature tastes, but will be read with interest by thousands who have passed the age of childhood, especially of the gentler sex. The volume is badly got up by Carey & Hart. (Carvills.)

"The Youthful Impostor; A Novel, by W.M. Reynolds."—We know little of this novel or the writer, and that little does not prepossess us in favor of either. The story appears to deal quite freely with depraved London life, and to strive at imitation of the modern French Level—a most pernicious school, in our judgement. The work doubtless possesses a vicious interest. (Carvills.)

"Female Robinson Crusoe: A Tale of the American Wilderness."—The plot of this romance smacks too strongly of the marvellous. A female child is lost in the forest, and lives there for many years, partly alone, and partly in conjunction with another wanderer of similar age, until circumstances again restore her to society. This work is the production of a gentleman in this city. (Wiley & Long, 161 Broadway.)

Three Experiments of Living.—We have read this little book with unusual gratification and pleasure, not more from the soundness of the moral which it inculcates, than from the purity and simplicity of the story, which is so managed as gradually to increase the interest of the reader.

It is impossible to become acquainted with three such personages as Frank, afterwards Doctor Fulton, with his interesting and lovely wife Jane, and the honest and excellent Uncle Joshua, without feeling a great desire to follow them through the three vicissitudes of life, during which the author interweaves so many striking incidents.—Such a story takes hold of the affections of the reader, and affords him a high degree of pleasure merely as a narrative; and we have no hesitation in recording our belief that it is calculated to do much good; for if ever there was a time when prudence and economy were eminently demanded for the happiness of mankind, it would really appear as if this were the very moment;—and well will it be for thousands, who have no Uncle Joshua to give them good counsel, if they shall take a leaf out of the little book before us, and lay up for themselves a store of happiness which they can never enjoy who disregard the invaluable lessons which, in our estimation, could not be better taught than by the history of Doctor and Mrs Fulton.

Hon. John I. Morgan has been nominated for next Mayor of this city by the 'Democratic' Convention at Tammany Hall. Mr. Morgan has been a Member of Congress, and subsequently of the State Legislature.

We hear it rumored that the Loco-Focos will make no nomination for Mayor; if so, the contest will be directly between Messrs. Clark and Morgan.

Fall of Buildings.—Two new three-story buildings on Fulton-street near Broadway fell to the ground on Monday, or at least a great portion of their walls. This winter-building of walls a brick and a half thick, cemented with frozen earth, does not seem to answer the purpose.

The noble stone edifice of the Josephs, Wall-street, corner of Hanover, also fell to the ground on Monday night with a great crash. Had it fallen in the day-time, many lives must necessarily have been lost. This building has been greatly distrusted; but we can imagine no excuse for the builder who fails to put up a house that will stay out of such materials.

Trial of the Flour Rioters.—Fourteen persons, indicted for a participation in the riot and destruction of property at Eli Hart & Co.'s flour store, were tried at the Court of Sessions on Thursday. The case was submitted at 7 o'clock P. M., and the Jury returned a verdict of guilty against John McLaughlin, James Chapman and James Baach; also against Francis Rosier and Eugene Argon, who were recommended to mercy; and declared themselves unable to agree in the case of James Dandridge. The other eight were acquitted.

Steamboat Burnt.—About half past 7 o'clock last evening, the steamboat Rob Roy, Dunsted, master, just arrived from Louisville, laden with flour, lard, &c., took fire at the Poydras street wharf, and was burnt to the water's edge in the short space of three quarters of an hour. No lives lost. The fire broke out in the stern of the boat, and spread so rapidly that the officers lost nearly all their trunks. The Rob Roy was an old vessel, and noted for killing several persons by the bursting of a boiler last year, at Columbia, on the Mississippi. We have not learned whether she was insured or not. [N. O. paper, March 7.

Fatal Casualty.—Two men, named Henry Hughes and James Stevenson, were killed yesterday forenoon, by being buried beneath a quantity of earth which fell upon them whilst engaged in digging a cellar at the corner of Thirteenth street and 5th avenue.

From Venezuela.—By the last accounts from Venezuela, which are up to the 31st of January, it is known that a revolutionary movement has taken place in the Province of Barinas, at a place called Mijaqual, headed by Col. Vincente Arias, who was supported by about four hundred cavalry, well armed and equipped. Some persons engaged in a similar attempt in Maracaibo have been arrested. Fears were entertained that this plot extended itself throughout the Republic, which was very unsettled, in a measure owing to the expulsion of the Archbishop of Caraccas, for having issued a letter to his flock complaining of the abolition of tithes and other church incomes.

Fire.—A letter from Norwich, Conn., to the Commercial Advertiser, dated 13th inst., says—"About 11 o'clock last night, a fire commenced in the paper-mill of Mr. Amos H. Hubbard, which soon communicated to the cotton-mill belonging to the Williams Manufacturing Company, and both being of wood, were soon destroyed. Loss probably about $25,000. Insurance $20,000.

Snow fell to the depth of 9 or 10 inches in Savannah, Ga. on the 4th inst.

The Rockland County Coal has proved a humbug. The Editor of the North River Times recently paid a visit to the mines, and found the boasted coal to consist of slate-stone and plumbago, tinctured with carbonate of lime!

Perpetual Motion seems to be a perpetual lie. The last discovery was in Georgia; but it did not stand inspection for the usual nine days. The discoverer was evidently no Yankee.

The Creek Troubles are said to be now fully put at rest, and the entire remainder of the tribe will be sent off to the Far West in the course of three months.

Union of the Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations of Indians.—Extract of a letter to the Editor of the Arkansas Gazette, from a gentleman in the Choctaw Nation, dated 20th January:—"Capt. Armstrong has succeeded in having an agreement entered into between the Chickasaw delegation and the Choctaws, whereby the former nation is allowed a home in the country of their old allies and neighbors—[for which they pay $530,000.]

"The Chickasaws are to form one district of the Choctaw nation, and to enjoy equal rights with the Choctaws. They will occupy the country bordering on the Canadian—a fine stock-raising country—rich land and good water. So you may expect another emigration next spring. The Chickasaws will remove themselves, and intend to wait until the Arkansas is up, when they will embark upon boats, with their furniture and baggage, and run up to the Choctaw country. They will not, therefore, be a nuisance and annoyance to the people of your State.

"Apothlohola has demanded that *all* white men, including those who are intermarried with his people, be expelled from the Creek country."

Upper Canada.—The Parliament of Upper Canada was prorogued on the 4th ult. Fifty-nine bills passed both Houses, some of general interest. Among them we select the following:—Brockville Bank bill; New Castle district do.; Erie and Ontario do.; Prescott do.; London district do.; Prince Edward district do.; Western district do., Niagara district do.; Gore Bank, amendment, do.; Upper Canada Loan and Trust Company; Lyndhurst Mining and Manufacturing Incorporation Loan Company; Welland Canal do.; War Losses do.; Fort Erie Canal do; Erie and Ontario Railroad do.

Preacher of the Gospel Murdered.—We learn, says the Richmond Religious Telegraph, by a gentleman from the neighborhood in which the horrid deed was perpetrated, that Rev. Isaiah Harris, a Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church was waylaid and murdered on the 23d ult. in Surry county, near Cabin Point. He had been at his neighbor's, three or four miles from his residence, and was returning in his gig, and when within three or four hundred yards of his house, he was shot through the head by some one in the gig. The perpetrator of the horrible murder has not been discovered.

Late from the Western Frontier.—The New-Orleans True American of Feb. 27, says:—"Advices are received in town from Fort Towson to the 9th Jan. and from Fort Coffee to the 15th. The Camanches were friendly. Six companies of the 7th regiment of infantry, 21 days from Nacogdoches, arrived at Fort Gibson the 10th January, on their way to Fort Gibson. Lieut. Col. Whistler, in command, was in bad health.

The Arkansas Gazette says that Tuckibatchihadjo was very ill at Potts' on the 23d ult.

Great Fire in Ohio City.—The Cleveland Advertiser of Friday says that about 4 o'clock that morning a fire was discovered in Columbus Block, owned by Mr. Folsome. The block cost $20,000, and was almost entirely destroyed; insured for $10,000. It was occupied by merchants, lawyers, and others—all of whom suffered more or less by the destruction of their property. The printing materials of the Ohio City Gazette, to the amount of $1,000, were destroyed. The other sufferers were Messrs. Folsome & Co. merchants; Henderson & Clark, tailors; S.W. Sayles, hat shore; S. H. Sheldon, druggist; Hoyt & Ward, dry goods; Bebee & Holmes, do.; Parsons & Whelpley, land office; of the law, Messrs. Foote, Burton, Russell, Strong, Allen, and Hurlburt, most of whom lost their books and papers. The fire originated in an unoccupied room, but from what cause is not known.

Wolf Story.—A man in the town of Wells, Me. was found dead with seventeen dead wolves near his body, and the tracks of seven who had left him were to be seen. It is said that he was attacked by a drove of twenty-four hungry wolves, and that he succeeded in killing seventeen before he gave up.

Mobs, on the occasion of Abolition meetings, have been quite plentiful of late. Ohio has the greater share of them; but Pennsylvania and Michigan are not backward.

Disastrous Fire at Quebec—Loss of Life.—By the Quebec Mercury of March 4, we are grieved to learn that the building known as the Emigrant Hospital, and latterly used as a House of Refuge for destitute individuals, was destroyed by fire the previous night. One hundred and ninety occupants of both sexes and different ages, have been thrown on the world without shelter or home. Three of the inmates perished, and four were so severely burnt that their lives are despaired of. The fire broke out in the oakum room, which a woman incautiously entered with a light, when it was in a blaze instantly. A hundred of the inmates were conveyed to the Marine Hospital and the rest to the suburbs. The building was insured. The benevolent inhabitants of the city have taken immediate measures to provide for the poor persons who have met with this calamity.

Late from Australia, (New Holland.)—Shipwreck, and Total Loss of Crew.—The Providence (R. I.) Courier has received Australian papers, (to what date is not mentioned,) which mention the shipwreck of the American whaler Elizabeth, Capt. Starbuck, northward of the Bay of Islands, in a gale of wind. All hands perished. Eight American ships had arrived at New Zealand. The French have successfully introduced the vine. Gas light and insurance companies have, we perceive, been established in this quarter of the world. The day will soon come when our antipodes will be peopled with our kindred blood, and when the sun will never set on the vast territorial possessions of the Anglo Saxon race.

Clerks' Salaries, &c.—For the information of those interested, we have examined the General Appropriation Bill, to ascertain the import of the amendment concerning the salaries of clerks, &c, and we find that it includes clerks in the Department of State, Treasury, Navy and War, and of the two Houses of Congress and the Library, whose salaries are less that $2,000 per annum, and whose compensation has not been established or increased, at the present or last session of Congress, to whose compensation is to be added at the following rates: on all salartes not exceeding $1,000, twenty per centum; on all salaries exceeding $1,000, ten per centum. The rate of twenty per centum is also added to the salaries of all messengers in said offices. [Nat. Intelligencer.

Fire.—About 7 o'clock on Thursday evening, a fire broke out in the three-story brick building 185 Water street, occupied by Joseph Barron & Co. as a fur and cap store. The fire originated in the first floor near the stove, and was chiefly confined to that part of the premises. By the active exertions of the firemen, its further progress was arrested. The books and papers were saved, but the stock, valued at $30.000 or $40,000, is mostly destroyed. There was an insurance on the stock, but not sufficient to cover the loss.

Internal Improvements in Michigan.—We learn from the last Monroe (Mich.) Times, that the Legislature of that State has passed a bill to loan five millions of dollars, redeemable at any time after the expiration of 25 years, at 5 per cent. to be expended in works of internal improvement.

From the same source we also learn that the Senate have passed a General Bank Law, and that there is a prospect of its passing the House. We do not learn the provisions of the bill, but the Times says it is a 'killer of all monopolies in banking.'

General Jackson, on the 15th March, attained his 70th year, and it is said, intends to celebrate the anniversary of his birth at the Hermitage.

Another New State.—The Legislature of Florida, at Tallahassee, before adjournment, passed a law directing the necessary steps for a census and application for State Government.

Fire in Augusta, Me.—Nearly all the contents of the Provision and West-India Goods Store of Messrs. Packard & Hayden, in Augusta, were destroyed by fire on Monday evening last. The building was saved but very much damaged.

South-Boundbrook, N. J.—A map of the property heretofore mentioned as for sale on terms extremely favorable to purchasers, may be inspected at the office of the New-Yorker. The advantages to those wishing to secure for a trifle a convenient location for a settlement are not exceeded. For $250, a mechanic or laborer may purchase two and a half acres of land, fully worth that sum for mere cultivation, and located immediately on the Sloop Canal from New-York to Philadelphia, and about three hours' ride by Railroad from the former. The high rents in the city must inevitably and speedily drive manufacturing business to the small villages adjacent, where not only houses but most of the necessaries of life can be procured at a far cheaper rate. The location of South-Boundbrook, directly across the Raritan from the old village of Boundbrook, where simple lots, 25 by 100 feet, are now worth $500. and possessing superior facilities by means of the canal, will commend itself to every intelligent observer.

Married,

On Friday, 10th inst. by Rev. Mr. Stark, Mr. Andrew Johnston to Miss Sophia Love.
On Saturday, by Elder Isaac N. Walter, Mr. David Stone to Miss Susan E. Meredith.
On Sunday, by Rev. Mr. Remington, Mr. William E. Roseman to Miss Clarissa Adams.
On Monday, by Rev. Mr. Remington, Mr. Smith Henderson to Miss Mary Ann Loshe.
On Tuesday, by Rev. Dr. Byrnes, Mr. John Kearney to Miss Susan Jane Keating.
At Londonderry, Vt. on the 25th ult. by Rev. Mr. Pierce, Samuel T. R. Cheney, Esq. to Miss Martha Ann Brown—both of Jamaica.

Died,

On Sunday, Mrs. Amelia C. Smith, wife of William Smith.
On Sunday, Mrs. Jane Low Overton, aged 32 years.
On Sunday, Mary Louisa, daughter of Dr. Joel Foster.
On Sunday, Mrs. Margaret Munro, aged 67 years.
On Monday, Mrs. Martha Marshall, aged 42 years.
On Tuesday, Mrs. Sarah Gould, aged 51 years.
On Tuesday, Mrs. Eliza Overton, aged 57 years.
On Tuesday, Mrs. Sarah M'Neil, aged 92 years.

To Agents.—It seems not to be distinctly understood by all our Agents that the lowest price of our paper is expressly based on the condition of payment in advance. Such is the fact, however, and we have asserted it so often that it ought by this time to be tolerably well known. When, therefore, money is sent us on subscriptions more than six months in arrears, we expect, and have a right to demand, the price stipulated in our published terms. We have given no Agent power to substitute any other terms for those, and none can be substituted so as to effect our rightful demand. If, then, a subscriber neglects to make advance payment he is liable for the ultimate price, and no Agent can discharge him except to his own detriment. But still less can we admit the right of an Agent to receive our money in advance, quietly pocket it, and at the end of three, six or nine months gravely forward it as an advance payment, deducting his commission! We have done enough of this kind of business—all we ever shall do. From the close of this volume the rule shall be inflexibly adhered to that an Agent who retains our money in his hands becomes liable for the increased price precisely as though it remained unpaid by the subscriber. No one can dispute the perfect fairness of this rule; and our books will abundantly demonstrate its imperious necessity.

We improve the opportunity to tender our fervent thanks to the warm friends who have kindly aided our enterprize by acting zealously, punctually and efficiently as local Agents for The New-Yorker. We know full well that the recompense is in most cases trifling, and that a generous interest in the success of our journal has been the stimulus of their exertions. We hope, nothing doubting, that they will continue to favor us with their good offices. We desire them particularly at this time, when we are about to strike some two thousand delinquents from our books, and would wish to include in the number all those who do not and will not pay. We ask every Agent, every Postmaster, every friend, to transmit us the names of all such within his knowledge; and if a good name can be sent to replace the bad one, we shall be doubly grateful. But it is only of our Agents that we can require this. From them, we ask a statement and a settlement of all accounts at least semi-annually—in the Spring and Autumn, or at the commencement of each Quarto Volume—as we wish each to consider this an indispensable condition of his Agency, and we shall cheerfully forego the advantage of his services if this cannot be complied with.

☞ Our subscribers in arrears who intend emigrating to Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin on the opening of navigation, without adjusting our accounts against them, are informed that we have now a very extensive circulation in all the Western country, and that a letter of introduction through our Black List will go far to prevent their encumbering themselves with new debts in any part of that region.

*** We propose to add 500 copies to our present Quarto edition. Those who first apply for them will be furnished with complete sets of the new Volume. We cannot afford to print large numbers on speculation, and have only wished to ensure our distant friends an opportunity of supplying themselves. We therefore give notice thus early that we shall send full sets to all orders that reach us before the first of May, even at the cost of reprinting; after that period, we shall not feel bound to do so.

☞ We have on hand a number of old copies of The New-Yorker which do not form complete volumes, and which we would therefore dispose of on almost any terms. To those who would relish a cheap fund of general and light reading, who contemplate a voyage, who would like to send a file of American papers to friends abroad, or would like a wide field of selection for the manufacture of scrap-books, they would prove not undesirable. We will furnish a set of 100 copies (no two alike) for $2. Orders through the Post-Office or otherwise will be gratefully received.

BOARD WANTED.—Permanent Board is wanted, from the first of May next, by a gentleman and his wife.—A parlor and bedroom, unfurnished, will be required. Location must be below Franklin street. Address Box 1361, Post Office.

TO PRINTERS.

THE Type on which the New Yorker is now printed is offered for sale, to be delivered in good condition for removal, on the 27th of March.—We have determined to procure new fonts throughout, and therefore will sell those now used on very low terms, viz:

500 lbs. of Brevier at		25 cents	per lb. cash, or 30 cts, 6 ms.		
100 "	Nonpareil	35	"	40	"
70 "	Agate	45	"	50	"
200 "	Brevier, (light face) at	28	"	33	"

All this type was bought new in August, 1835, and has been carefully used in printing The New Yorker only, under the immediate eye of the owners. None of it is used twice over the same week. (*N. B.* The Minion in which the poetry, &c. of our paper is now set, is of a very much older font, and of course affords no criterion of the worth of the residue.) All the columns, head, and cross rules, title letter, &c. of both the Folio and Quarto will be sold low. To a printer wishing to establish or replenish a country office, the opportunity is deemed a fair one; as the type, when worked on a hand press, instead of a Napier, scarcely betrays an imperfection. Orders from a distance will be promptly and faithfully attended to. Feb. 18, 1836.

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—March.—Contents.—*Original Papers.*—Specimens of the German Drama No. 1.—Werner's Twenty-fourth of February; Genius and Character of Mrs. Hemans; The Wreck of the Barque Mexico; Hits at Poetical Styles, No. 1; Last Words of Schiller; Splendid Failures, No 1; Lines; Leaves from a Lady's Journal, No. 3; Vanderlyn; The Hunter's Flight; Copy-right Law, No. 2; The Deserted Ship.

Critical Notices.—Letters to Young Ladies, by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney; The Italian Sketch Book; New Views of Christianity, Society, and the Church; Home Tour through the Manufacturing Districts of England, in the summer of 1836; Lives of the most eminent British Commanders.

Monthly Commentary.—National Literature; The Wrecker's Daughter; The Bride of Genoa; Protection to American Seamen; Rights of Foreign Authors; Revolutionary Heroines.

March 4. GEORGE DEARBORN, Publisher, 38 Gold-st.

Travelling Agents:

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An Agent will call immediately upon our subscribers in Eastern Massachusetts.

THE NEW-YORKER.

On Saturday, the 25th of March, the subscribers will issue the first number of the Fourth Volume of The New-Yorker in its folio or ordinary newspaper form, on an entirely new and more beautiful type prepared expressly for their journal.

The general character and scope of The New-Yorker will remain unchanged. It will still aim to combine in the highest attainable degree the useful with the agreeable—substantial information with a pleasing interest—the instruction of the mind with the improvement of the heart. It will still be devoted in nearly equal proportions to Literature in its more restricted sense and to the current Intelligence of the day. Under the first department, (comprising the two outer pages of the sheet,) will be presented original and selected Tales, Essays, Poems, Reviews of new books of general interest, Extracts from the most popular and deserving works in press or just given to the public, brief Biographical, Historical, Desultory, and Humorous Sketches, Anecdotes, &c. &c. The department of Intelligence more especially (comprising the inner form of the paper) will embody the News of the Day, Foreign and Domestic, proceedings of Congress and acts of the National Executive, and more summarily of the State Legislature, with a still briefer notation of the more important Legislative measures of other States; also an impartial account of all important political movements and doings throughout the Union,—Conventions, Nominations, Elections, &c. &c. Beside these, the Editorial columns of the paper will contain free but courteous comments upon acts of legislation and other measures of public importance in force or in contemplation, avoiding as far as possible any allusion to or interference with party politics, local or National—exhibiting, whenever practicable, the arguments opposed to the views editorially advanced, and laboring rather to enforce the full and consistent application of acknowledged political truths than ambitiously to strike out new paths and propound new doctrines. Brief notices of new books, pamphlets, periodicals, and occasionally of the Drama and other sources of public amusement, will likewise be given.

New-York, Feb. 25, 1837. H. GREELEY & CO.

CONDITIONS.

The New-Yorker (folio) will be published every Saturday morning on a large imperial sheet of good paper and forwarded to its patrons, city and country, at Two Dollars per annum in advance. If not paid in advance, the price will be $2 50 within the year, or $3 when payment is delayed till its expiration. Any person remitting $10 free of postage or other charge will be entitled to six copies for one year, and in like proportion for any larger number.

The Quarto New-Yorker will be issued every Saturday evening, on a larger and better sheet (26 by 40) in a form expressly calculated for preservation. Each number will consist of sixteen pages of three columns each, (of the same width and about half the length of those of the folio,) and contain, beside all the matter of the folio excluding advertisements, two or three columns of additional literary selections, and a page of Music, prepared expressly for this paper under the supervision of a distinguished Professor and teacher of music. In this form, The New-Yorker is considerably the largest and most comprehensive weekly journal suitable for binding in America.

The Quarto New-Yorker will be forwarded to its subscribers for Three Dollars per annum in advance. Where payment is not made in advance, $3 50 will be required; if delayed till the expiration of the year $4. For six months the price will be $2 in advance. Any person who forwards us $5 positively free of postage or other charge, will be entitled to two copies for one year, and in the same proportion for a larger sum; but no subscriptions received through Agents will be taken on any other terms than those given above. No contracts made by any person whatever on other than our published terms will be acknowledged or ratified by the publishers; and they, being determined to fulfil to the utmost limit their obligations to their patrons, will in all cases insist on a like fulfilment of the consideration.

☞ Local Agents are entitled to charge us 20 per cent. commission on new subscriptions and 15 on collections, with postage on all letters containing a remittance of $5 or over—no others. A subscriber who takes a copy of each edition in his own name will be charged but $4 50 in advance for both.

*** Editors who receive this Prospectus *marked* will publish it if they see fit, and thereby be entitled to receive our paper in either form for the ensuing year. Those who do not so receive it will understand that the enormous extent of our exchange list renders a curtailment absolutely necessary, and that we do not wish them to place us under further obligation. From this date, we do not desire that any one shall so favor us unless specially requested.

WILLIAMSBURG PROPERTY FOR SALE.—*A rare chance for a small investment.*—The owners of six building lots in the village of Williamsburg situated half a mile from the Peck Slip Ferry, and scarcely a mile from the compact part of the city of New York, are constrained to offer them for sale to avoid more considerable sacrifices. The location is very eligible, and the lots more than 100 feet deep by 25 front, forming the better half of a block facing a public square. One half the price may remain on bond and mortgage. For further particulars apply immediately to the Editor of the New Yorker, 20 Ann st. Feb. 18, 1837.

THE NEW-YORKER (QUARTO.)
Is published every Saturday evening, at No. 127 Nassau-street, at Three Dollars per annum in advance.

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